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P.W.
PEARSON'S £100 COUPON.
No. 16. April 18, 1896.
P.W.

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KNOWN ALL OVER THE
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LIVERPOOL,
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Retailed by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.



WEEKLY

SMOKE
THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
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CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
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BONDED WORKS,
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No. 300.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1896.

ENTERED AT
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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Road, London.
REJECT SUBSTITUTES.
N.B.—Lord Chancellor Selborne, Lord Justice
James, and Lord Justice Alcock decided in favour of
Freeman's Original Chlorodyne, and against
Browne and Davenport, compelling them to pay all
costs in the suit. See Times of July 24, 1892.

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CATARRH, COLD IN
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HEADACHE; in-
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the best remedy for
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Mrs. JACKSON

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think it possible for me to recover. I scarcely dared to eat any food,
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I resolved to try them. After taking a few small boxes I lost all the
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Of all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.

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Black and all shades, 2s. 11d.; honestly
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NEW GOODS FOR SUMMER WEAR.
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MEDAL NUMBER STAMPS.
Your Name, your Monogram, bottle of Endorsing Ink,
2 Pails, Box and Brush, for 1d., post
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Nickel Silver Pen and French Case
with Name Stamp, 6d. Nickel
Silver Name and Address Stamp, 6d.
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Chased, with Name and
Address Stamp, 1s. and
every other description of Rubber Stamps,
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CLEAVER have a
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LADIES' CYCLING COSTUMES.
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Every cyclist needs
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READ THE GREAT WAR STORY on Page 665.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 300.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ONE DAY IN A LIFE.

Just one day in the hayfield,
One perfect wondrous day.
The azure sky above her!
Round her the scent of May!
Poor little London sparrow,
Just one day 'mid the green,
And then the alley narrow,
The squalid room and mean.

Six hours amid the clover,
Six hours among the lanes,
And then the whole thing's over!
The rest of life remains.
And what a dreary lifetime
That may be, child, for you—
Passed under smoky rafters,
Not under sunny blue!

One day! this is the sadness;
The childish eyes grow wide
With wonder and pure gladness
At the sweet country-side.
One day—oh, give them, give them,
These exiles from the sun,
Give all one country airing,
And give them more than one!

CHEESES TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

ONE of the most peculiar bridal or marriage customs known is one that has prevailed for centuries in what is called the "cheese regions" of Switzerland. In that portion of the Alpine country when a pair join in wedlock it is the fashion for their intimate friends to "throw in" and buy a "register cheese" for the young couple. This cheese is presented to the newly-wedded people on the evening of the wedding day, and is ever after retained by them and used as a family register. On these heirloom cheeses the whole history of the family is carved, such as births, marriages, deaths, and other incidents which it may be desired to make matters of record. Some of these old Swiss family cheese records are said to date back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

At the agricultural fair annually held at Gessenay a great many cheese records have been exhibited, which were known to be from 180 to 200 years old. The oldest that has yet been displayed belongs to a county acquire living near Gessenay, who shows his family record carved on a cheese made in 1660.

HAWKINS AND HIS DOG.

NOT long ago Mr. Justice Hawkins had a fox terrier named "Jack." Once at Warwick Jack and his master were caught ratting by a farmer on the banks of the Avon. His lordship, nowise disconcerted, tendered a sovereign to cover the trespass, which the farmer, affronted by such a cool proceeding, refused with indignation.

"You had better take it," said the judge, "it's a reasonable offer." Then the farmer got so angry that Sir Henry announced himself. "And, what is more, sir," said he, "you shall go with me to the Warwick Arms and crack a bottle of champagne with that sovereign immediately." The story adds that there was free ratting for Jack on that bit of land as long as he lived.

There are other stories about Jack, and it is said that when sitting on the Bench with his master he once ventured to express his opinions on the matters before him in a singularly loud tone. The tale goes that Sir Henry, with the greatest promptitude, directed the ushers to "turn that dog out of the gallery." The ushers, of course, did not find a dog in the gallery, and nobody ventured to look under the Bench.

On solemn occasions Jack was always attached to the judge's wrist by a long blue ribbon, and many a junior has beguiled the tedium of a case by watching the ribbon gradually unroll as Jack pursued his investigations, while Sir Henry every now and then "hauled in the slack."

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CAMEL STEAKS—A NEW FOOD.

PARISIANS are to have an opportunity of tasting a dish hitherto practically unknown in this country.

It is announced that some Algerian butchers have made arrangements with two Paris firms for furnishing camels' flesh to the capital.

It is said that the meat is very similar to beef, though shorter and white like veal, and contains great nutritious qualities.

Amongst the Arabs the hump is looked upon as a great delicacy, and invariably tempts the swarthy epicure.

But it remains to be seen whether camel-steak will be as much appreciated here as on the other side of the Mediterranean.

HOW TO PUNISH A JILT.

"Do you remember," said Mr. Cawker to his wife, "that when the lovely Miss Beeson jilted young Mr. Spudds, five years ago, to marry Mr. Dillingham, the rejected one swore a mighty vow to be revenged on his successful rival?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cawker, "I remember it well; but such threats never amount to anything."

"In this case they did. Spudds has filled fat the ancient grudge he bears Dillingham."

"He hasn't killed him, has he?"

"Oh, no. His torture is more lingering than that, my dear."

"What has he done?"

"Dillingham told me of it himself, and I must say that the scheme does Spudds credit in his ingenious cruelty."

"But tell me what it is."

"Well, after the wedding Spudds went and allied himself with a fashionable drapery house in the City, and ever since then he has occupied his time in preparing the most perfectly irresistible descriptions of bargains of all sorts, and sending special invitations to Mrs. Dillingham to attend the sales. The poor fellow tells me that he has two mortgages on his house now, and expects to go into irretrievable bankruptcy immediately after the next bargains at Spudds' emporium."

QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING.

THE ACTION OF THE HUMAN BODY OUTSTRIPS EVERYTHING.

"As quick as lightning," is a phrase colloquially used to express the maximum of rapidity. But according to a well-known scientist, electricity itself is outstripped by that old-fashioned machine, the human body, by which it appears powers can, so to speak, be generated in the brain, transmitted through the nerves, and developed in the muscles in an infinitesimal fraction of a second.

It is stated that a pianist, in playing a presto of Mendelssohn, played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. The striking of each of these, it has been estimated, involved two movements of the finger and possibly more.

Again, the movements of the wrist, elbows, and arms can scarcely be less than one movement for each note. As twenty-four notes were played each second, and each involves three movements, we would have seventy-two voluntary movements per second.

Again, the place, the force, the time, and the duration of each of these movements were controlled. All these motor reactions were conditioned upon a knowledge of the position of each finger of each hand before it was moved, while moving it, as well as of the auditory effect to force and pitch, all of which involves equally rapid sensory transmissions.

If we add to this the work of the memory in placing the notes in their proper position, as well as the fact that the performer at the same time participates in the emotion the selection describes, and feels the strength and weaknesses of the performance, we arrive at a truly bewildering network of impulses, coursing along at inconceivably rapid rates.

Such estimates show, too, that we are capable of doing many things at once. The mind is not a unit, but is composed of higher and lower centres, the available fund of attention being distributed among them.

PEOPLE WHO CANNOT EVADE THE INCOME TAX.

THERE is at least one class of the community which cannot possibly evade payment of the income tax by fraudulently understating their income, if their salary reaches the taxable limit, though it may be open even to them to escape so far by suppressing mention of any unofficial sources of income. The class referred to is that fairly large one composed of Government servants of all grades, whose official rates of pay are exactly known to the income tax officials. In their case the process of tax-gathering simply consists of deducting the tax chargeable to each individual from the last periodical payment of the financial year.

In those departments where overtime is allowed, there is towards the end of the year an investigation into this matter, and those whose salaries approach or exceed the limit have their overtime earnings during the year looked out and totalled, with the result that while some get off by a bare margin, others are pulled into the net by having drawn, in salary and overtime pay, a little more than the minimum.

In one department in which this process has been gone through in the usual way, a rather curious case came under notice. It was that of an unfortunate individual whose receipts showed that he was liable to pay the tax, but by such a narrow margin that if he had in the course of the year worked just one hour less overtime, he would have fallen below the old limit of £150, then in force, and have escaped altogether. That unlucky hour's work thus cost him seventeen shillings and sixpence, less the payment got for it, and as the tax fell to be deducted from his first salary payment after the return was made up, he got on that occasion so much less than he had counted on.

His feelings may be imagined, but his remonstrances were unavailing. The rule was inflexible, and no consideration of hardship or apparent unfairness could permit the officials to infringe it. Reach the limit or overstep it by a penny, tax must be paid. Fall short of it by a penny and there is no deduction.

This case brings to mind another in which certain Indian officials petitioned the Government to compensate them for the fall in the exchange value of the rupee. Their petition was granted, but it so happened that in their case the additional payment received brought them within the scope of the income tax, and as that was more than the compensation received, they were worse off than if they had made no petition, or had had it refused.

HE WAS RIGHT.—Examiner in Physics: "What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

Student: "It goes out!"

MRS. NEWED: "Is your husband a domesticated man?"

Mrs. Henpeck: "He's the only domestic we keep. I have taught him to cook and wash dishes to a nicety."

MRS. KIDLET: "Why, children, what's all this noise about?"

Little Jamie: "We've had gran'pa and Uncle Henry locked in the cupboard for an hour, an' when they get a little angrier I'm going to play 'going into the lion's cage.'"

THIS IS WORTH A PASSING GLANCE!

YOU cannot possibly conceive what you are missing in not purchasing this month's number of *Pearson's Magazine*.

Have you read "The Secrets of the Courts of Europe"? No? Then you most certainly are by no means up-to-date, and know absolutely nothing of the intrigues of royalty. The current number contains articles by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., Sir Evelyn Wood, Archibald Forbes, a story by Ian MacLaren, a poem by Rudyard Kipling, etc., etc. Price 6d.

"One day in a life"—what will it cost to give this inexpressible happiness? For every child, ninepence. A whole day's holiday in the country and two substantial meals for less than the price of a yard of ribbon. It is for this reason that our **FREE AND FUND** is the most practical charity in the world.

BEWARE ON THE AMERICAN!

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY EDWARD
VIZETELLY.

My vessel was lying beside the quay at Mobile. I communicated with land by a plank, and when I left the ship I was almost always alone, for my crew, with the exception of a couple of men to keep watch, were dispersing themselves in the town or neighbourhood.

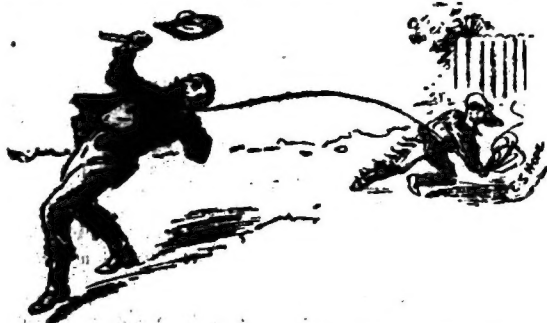
It was not particularly warm that morning; I had two hours to spend before lunch-time and I said to myself:

"Supposing you go and see your agent?"
And I set out with that intention.

This agent, who was a Marseilles merchant, with whom I was very intimate, resided about three miles outside the town. To reach his house one had to follow the river bank along a fine road shaded with great trees and bordered by country houses and gardens.

I had done about a third of the distance without having met a soul except a sort of red-haired giant attired as a hunter, who, since I had left the town, had been walking in the same direction as myself. He had passed me once or twice, had then remained behind, and was now catching me up again. This manoeuvring began to annoy me, the more so as I knew that in that part of the world it was necessary to be always on one's guard, so I turned half round and, without appearing to be doing anything, quietly grasped my pistol and looked down to see if my big knife was in my belt.

I hadn't time to raise my head again before I was brought to the ground like a bullock half strangled by a lasso that the wretch had thrown round my neck without it having been possible for me to see whence it came. I put my hands to my throat, but the ruffian in four



bounds dragged me into an inclosure, the door of which was instantly closed, and I lost consciousness.

When I came to myself again I was seated on a chair with arms and legs free, in the centre of a garden full of flowers. Before me stood several villainous looking men, prominent among whom I recognised a great scoundrel of an American sailor who, three years previously, during one of my voyages had almost succeeded in making my crew mutiny. But that didn't do him any good, for I had him heel-banked three times, and then hoisted thrice to the yard-arm, and dropped down on deck again.

He uttered most frightful yells and threats while going through the punishment, but I merely shrugged my shoulders, and contented myself with keeping a sharp eye on him during the remainder of the voyage.

He incurred no punishment, however, and when we reached our destination, and the crew were paid off, he came very respectfully, hat in hand, to settle his account. But when he had handed me his receipt, and pocketed his money, he put on his hat and said:

"Now you've no further power over me, Captain, I'll give you a bit of advice—pray your guardian angel you never come across me abroad."

Since then I had not troubled much as to what had become of him, except that for a while I was always on the alert, as I knew him to be capable of anything; but then, as time passed on, I had ended by forgetting him a little, notwithstanding that I had written in a bold hand at the edge of my log, on the first page of my note-book, on the covers of all my charts: "BEWARE OF THE AMERICAN!"

And so, when I saw him there before me, surrounded by his companions, the only thing that surprised me was that I was still alive, although I was well aware I was not much better off than if I had been dead.

"Captain," he said, with a Satanic smile, "I see you remember me. We've an old score to settle, and shall then be quits. Ever since the time when I was subjected by your orders to the two most atrocious punishments practised aboard ship, I've passed days and nights thinking what kind of expiation I could inflict on you, if ever you fell into my hands, so that you might meet your end amid tortures hitherto unknown in the annals of human ferocity. I've discovered that!" And he pointed towards the sky.

I looked up, and, starting from my chair, perceived to my horror that I was attached by a strong leather belt and long cord to a balloon, fastened to four trees.

"As I don't know how long you may take to die," continued the American, "I've provided you with food and drink for three days. Don't imagine you will be able to intoxicate yourself. The bottle only contains a

little brandy and water, to give you strength and prolong your life."

Whilst he was speaking two men had seized me by the arms and fastened to my belt a canvas bag, into which they crammed a large piece of roast beef, a loaf, and a huge bottle.

"Let go a rope," shouted the American.

There was a blow from a hatchet and a rope fell to the ground.

"Another!—Another!"

The balloon which was now only held by one rope, to which all the villain's accomplices were clinging, began to sway to and fro, and I found myself suspended by the waist in the air at some feet from the ground.

Then the American came close up to me, so as to enjoy all my agony, and making a sign to let the balloon free, exclaimed with a fiendish laugh:

"A pleasant journey, Captain, we're now quits!"

"Not yet!" I muttered between my teeth, and grasping him suddenly by the wrist in an iron grip, I drew him up with me.

I was holding him by both hands. The wretch struggled like a shark on a hook, he uttered the most frightful yells; but do what he would there was no power in the world that could have made me let go; my hands were riveted to his arm.

"Mercy! mercy!" he implored as the balloon rose into the air.

"Mercy?" I answered. "That's a pretty thing to ask of me! I'll drop you, my fine fellow, but by-and-bye, I've heard! And you can then take news of me to your pals down below."

"Save me, and I'll save you!"

"Get along with you. You're losing your wits, I think."

"Take me by the other hand," he continued. "Leave my right arm free; I've a pistol, I'll fire into the balloon, make a rent in it, and in a quarter of an hour we shall touch the earth!"

I immediately seized him by his left wrist and let go the other. He drew his pistol and fired. But we had not thought of the swaying of the cord by which we were suspended, and the bullet went into space without even grazing the balloon, which continued ascending.

"Captain," he then murmured, "as you hope to be saved, do not abandon me!"

"Not abandon you? Do you think I'm going to carry you like this until the moment of my death? You are being punished in proportion to your fiendish crime. If I were to hold you until to-morrow morning, what would be the good? And, besides, could I? You've behaved very badly to me; but I, on my side, was too severe—perhaps unjust. You've avenged yourself, I'm avenging myself. We're both about to die. Poor creature! Still you're a Christian as I am, a sailor as I am. Hold tight! I feel my fingers letting go."

I could hold him no longer. I was suffering frightful pain in the arms, shoulders, back, loins. I was being cut in two by the belt fastened round my waist, and my head and eyes were full of blood.

I unclasped my fingers, my hands opened; he uttered a frightful shriek, and I saw him drop downward into space, turning over and over like a bale of cotton cast into the ocean.

Until then I had hardly realised my position, and I even think I was beginning, little by little, to lose my senses, through the blood rushing to my brain, but I now seemed to be coming to myself again. All at once, whether it was that the wind was rising or that the American's departure had lightened the balloon, I began to feel a rolling movement which became more and more pronounced and as it increased my body began to swing a distance of fifty or sixty feet. Each time I went up there was a shock fit to break my loins and I murmured to myself:

"The cord's breaking!"

But it resisted notwithstanding, only the backward and forward movement made it twist, and I soon perceived I was spinning round and round like a top, whilst still swinging. After a bit I felt a frightful swimming sensation in my head and at last lost consciousness.

How long I remained in that state I do not know. A feeling of extraordinary freshness drew me from my fainting fit, and, placing my hands to my face, I withdrew them covered with blood. It issued from the nose, mouth and ears.

This bleeding did me a vast deal of good, for I at once recovered all my lucidity. It seemed as if the swaying, swinging motion had diminished. The earth had disappeared. I was floating in a sort of cloud, resembling a thick fog.



It then occurred to me that if I could only get out of my belt I might be able to place myself in a more comfortable attitude. After superhuman efforts and going through all sorts of contortions, I succeeded in doing so, and was able to seat myself in the broad circle of leather with a good solid rope between my hands. My position was then quite delightful in comparison to what it had been a few moments before.

I now began to feel hungry, and rummaging in my canvas bag drew forth beef and bread, and made a hearty meal. When I had taken one or two pulls at the bottle and had somewhat recovered my strength, I attempted to haul myself up the rope. Once I fell backward and let go, and had I not had my legs in the belt and caught it between my thigh and calf, I should certainly have met with the same fate as the American.

I was not discouraged. I renewed the attempt again and again. At length I was able to pass one arm over the other nine times in succession, clinging tooth and nail to the yarn, and at last got within two feet of the cords of the netting, of which I was able to clutch hold.

I then remember the American trying to fire into the balloon, so as to make a rent and let the gas escape. I took my knife, opened it, and gave a plunge at the silk. Unfortunately the point of the blade struck against one of the knots in the network, and, breaking off short, fell to the handle, fell into space.

What was I to do now?

I searched all my pockets, but could find nothing to replace the luckless knife. A franc piece that I had broken between my teeth was not sharp enough. I thought of smashing the bottle, but there was nothing to hit it against; and, besides, I reflected I might require its contents to sustain me later on. At last, in passing my hand aimlessly round my trousers and whilst straining my brain in search of an idea, I picked my finger.

The buckle!

I wrenched off the strip of cloth at one tear and gnawed a hole in it, through which I passed a finger so as to make sure of not letting it go. Clutching the cord firmly with my left hand, I made an incision in the silk with the other.

The buckle had three prongs. Three rents were the result; but still the balloon ascended. At this I seized my revolver and fired blindly, piercing the silk in two places below and above.

After a few moments I felt the air turning warmer and was able to breathe more freely. We were certainly descending; but I then experienced another anxiety; the many punctures I had made in the silk had formed a rent which was increasing in length. I watched it until it reached the network where it seemed to stop. I recovered my assurance and began gazing round about me.

The atmosphere had become quite clear again, and whilst a glorious sun shone overhead, there appeared below me quite a sea of floating clouds, half black, half fiery-red. In a few minutes I was among them, and found myself surrounded on every side by a thick mist, first white then grey, which became so dense that at last it was impossible to see at all. Suddenly I heard a sort of rumbling growl which seemed rushing down towards me. Darkness increased, and I felt a furious puff of wind followed by an explosion of thunder and lightning all round, with a frightful crash and dazzling splendour, accompanied by torrents of rain and hail stones as large as pigeon's eggs. Flash followed flash with such rapidity that one could see almost as well as in broad daylight.

Little by little the lightning decreased, the hail and rain also; the fog became clearer every second. A puff of warm wind agitated the balloon, causing it to spin round; the fog became quite white, then almost entirely dispersed, and little by little, as if through a veil of blue gauze, I perceived beneath my feet an immense expanse of patches of green and yellow.

It was the earth!

At this sight I went half-crazy. I shouted, wept, said my prayers, sang songs, agitated my legs as if I had been dancing.

But my joy was of short duration. I felt a strong hot wind, and came to the conclusion that the balloon was travelling very rapidly. Casting a glance at the sun, which was going down, I could see we were taking a north-westerly direction.

All at once I heard a sinister plac-plac, plac-plac overhead. I looked up and saw, to my dismay, that the rent in the balloon was now a foot and a half long. I began to feel greatly alarmed lest we should descend too quickly. There was nothing to be done to avert the threatening danger, so I put my trust in Providence, and decided that, happen what might, I would not look overhead again, although that did not prevent me feeling extremely anxious as to my fate. What I saw below was quite enough to engross all my attention.

The mass beneath me had changed colour. One part became a pale blue even all over; whilst the other was a sombre green broken up with dark yellow or light brown patches. I understood the blue was the sea and the other land. I strained my eyes to try and find out where I was. Little by little I distinguished large and small



clear lines which were rivers, white spots which were cities.

All at once the balloon gave another *plac-plac*, and my heart leapt into my mouth with fright; but still I didn't look above me.



We were descending so rapidly, and the wind was so strong, that I experienced difficulty in breathing.

The earth now appeared to me with its plains, hills, forests, water-courses.

"There's a mountain! a tree! a rock! a field! a wood! a lake!" I exclaimed joyfully.

We were darting like some huge bird towards the lake, which, as we approached, grew larger! larger! whilst the trees on its banks increased in size with prodigious rapidity, and became enormous.

The balloon continued to descend. Here and there were islands, trunks of trees hurled down into the water, clusters of long, rank grass growing at its edge. As we approached nearer I perceived flocks of wild fowl flying over it, and heard hissing sounds mingling with the droning of the earth and cries of animals.

We were getting closer and closer, we were only about a hundred feet above the centre of the lake, and the shore still seemed a long way off. Just then the wind increased in violence. We were precipitated along with great velocity; but the gas was escaping in volumes, the silk was being rent into shreds, the balloon was gradually collapsing, and the remnant of it still descending.

We were only thirty feet above the water.

What remained of the silk and cordage was still being driven before the wind. Another thirty paces and I should reach the bank; twenty feet of direct descent and I should be in the water!

A furious blast drove us along—raised us a few feet. One more and I should be out of danger!

The blast was over, we began to descend again, but the wind once more rose and carried us to the foot of a bit of rock within two strides of land. I hurriedly got my legs out of the belt and jumped into the water, then wading to shore, clambered up the bank.

I was saved!



AGATHA: "Charley is tickled with his new moustache, isn't he?"

Marie: "Yes, but" (with a sly blush) "not half as much as I am."

ONE LITTLE GIRL IN THE SLUMS: "Wot yer say she died of?"

The Other One: "Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of 'ot puddin'."

The First Mentioned: "Lor! what a jolly death."

"WHAT a splendid expression of profound uneasiness of the spirit," says the critic, "you have worked into your portrait of Hamlet! How did you do it?"

"That, sir," said the artist, "is the result of weeks of toil. It is a reproduction of a composite photograph of several people waiting their turn in a dentist's ante-room."

YOUNG MRS. GREENE: "Henry, dear, do you think so much bread-and-treacle is good for Harry?"

Young Mr. Greene: "Certainly, it is good for him. Don't you know 'bread is the staff of life'?"

Young Mrs. Green: "Ye-e-e-s—but so much treacle, you know!"

Young Mr. Greene: "Well, what of it? He doesn't eat the treacle; he leaves that all over the place."

A CELEBRATED criminal lawyer, having just defended a noted assassin so brilliantly that the wretch was acquitted in the face of overwhelming evidence, steps up to the judge: "A word in your ear, your lordship."

Judge: "Well, what is it?"

"I would ask that the prisoner be detained in gaol until to-morrow morning. I have to cross a lonely field on my way home, and the rascal happens to know that I have money about me."

Obliging Judge: "Oh, certainly."

PUSHFUL LORD RANDOLPH.

WHEN the late Lord Randolph Churchill was at Oxford he was constantly in conflict with his dean at Merton on the subject of compulsory chapels, and on one occasion he was sent for to listen to a grand remonstrance.

It was a chilly day, and the dean was standing with his back to the fire when Lord Randolph entered.

After about ten minutes another delinquent was ushered in, and found Lord Randolph standing with his back to the fire and his coat-tails comfortably upraised, while the unfortunate dean was arguing away out in the cold near the door.

A SPECIALIST FOR FAINTING FITS.

THE ingenious plan adopted by the principal London shopkeepers of providing luncheon for their lady customers is quite common now in all the large establishments in the metropolis. By this means women are enabled to refresh themselves in the midst of the fatigues of shopping, and continue their labours with renewed vigour.

The Americans, however, have "gone one better." Not content with providing lunch for their patrons, the managers of a New York house have added a trained nurse to their staff, in view of the arduous duties of shopping, combined with the close atmosphere, producing faintness.

Our American cousins who trade at this enterprising establishment may now faint away with the comforting knowledge that instead of being hastily conveyed home they will be restored and enabled to return to the fray.

HOW MOTTOES ARE WRITTEN.

ON the top of a building in the Strand toils an old man who has properly written more poetry than any other single man living. His business is that of writing the "poetic" mottoes which one finds on the cheap sweets and crackers of the day. Poetry which never could see the light in any other way is hidden in these tissue-papered delicacies.

I had an interesting talk with this man a few days ago. He had been twenty years in the business, is over sixty years of age, and has accumulated a fortune, although he still keeps up the same monotonous poetical grind.

"It is a curious trade, you think, I suppose," said the old man, "yet some one must do it, and it is very profitable. I have built fourteen town and country houses out of it, and in a year or two I shall lay down the pen for good and let some one else take up the work."

"How do I write so much? Why, it has become second nature to me. These 'mottoes' are simple, anything will do, and the more inane they are the better. I know it is perfect trash, and it is preposterous to dignify the things with the word 'poetry.' I spend three days every week here, and reel off, I suppose, a hundred of these things every day. Why, I often eat my lunch in one hand and write with the other. Yet, as I say, it is profitable, and much better than writing bad novels, for, after all, my verses never do any harm."

"Dear me! I suppose I've married many a couple with this pen."

WHERE SHIP'S SAILS SOMETIMES SING.

SOME curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound conducting qualities of ship's sails. When rendered concave by a gentle breeze, the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and re-passing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away.

Dumbfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them were able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterwards upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends, and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the Cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honour of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, favoured by a gentle, steady breeze, had travelled a distance of upwards of one hundred miles over the smooth water, and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat the same circumstances, and especially in a moisture laden atmosphere.

THE HEADS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

MR. GLADSTONE'S IS THE LARGEST.

A P.W. man having raised bumps on his head in two or three different places, went down to Kew the other day to have his bumps examined by Mr. O'Dell, the well-known phrenologist. The writer, thinking to get a more satisfactory report on his cranium, added one or two more bumps on the railway journey, but he was confounded to find that he had taken a lot of trouble and undergone a deal of pain for nothing. Bumps, it seems, don't count in phrenology.

"The notion that one can estimate a person's capacity by bumps on the head," said the phrenologist, "is quite an exploded idea. What we do in denoting character and giving advice is to consider the various measurements of the head."

"How many heads have you examined?" I asked.

"I have been at it for over thirty-five years, and, counting those examined by my assistants, something like 350,000 heads must have passed through our hands."

"Well, you ought to be a judge of the character of the nation. How are we getting on? What do you think of us?"

"I find that parental love is a good deal on the decline, and that conjugality is not so large as amateness. Benevolence is increasing if anything. Hope and self-esteem, however, are sinking into the background. Mirthfulness is undoubtedly on the decline and so is originality. We are getting too sober—not in an alcoholic sense of course—for health's sake."

"By the use of phrenology, it is necessary to insist, one can't tell what a man will do, as so many people appear to imagine. Some persons think that their fortunes can be told by an examination of their heads, but this is utterly absurd. What we can do is to ascertain the inclinations of a person, and advise as to how a child should be brought up. We can discover, for example, whether a person is prone to gloominess. The effect of gloominess on the mind is often disastrous. It may lead a man to suicide. Well, we can advise a man possessed of this inclination to frequent cheerful society as much as possible."

"Lady Aberdeen brought her twelve months old baby to me, and after examining its head I was able to give some advice as to its training."

"Would you mind telling me something about the Queen's head?"

"The Queen has a wide head and all the social faculties are prominent. She has no narrow conceptions and is possessed of large hope and fair veneration. Her energy is great as is also her force of character. There is large self-esteem."

"And Mr. Gladstone?"

"I sent Mr. Gladstone a phrenological sketch of his head, with which he expressed himself well pleased. In reply he informed me of the shape of his head, remarking that one side was larger than the other, and inquiring the reason. Mr. Gladstone has the largest head I have ever seen. The average head is twenty-two inches in circumference, but the ex-Premier's measures no less than twenty-four. It is a long head, denoting great hope; conjugality is also very prominent. Mr. Gladstone would have been happiest in domestic life. Destructiveness is prominent, and the leading faculties are ethical."

"Lord Salisbury has a high head. Firmness, veneration, and self-esteem are large. Hope is small, but there is large destructiveness."

"In Mr. Stead large marvellousness is shown."

"Mr. Labouchere's head indicates benevolence, and destructiveness is well marked."

"I see you have the head chart of John L. Sullivan, the prize fighter, up there. He ought to have a hard head."

"Yes, his head shows fair hope; there is large agreeableness, and friendship is fair. Parental love is not very prominent. The organ of secretiveness is fairly well developed."

HOJACK: "What do you mean by saying that he treated you like a lord?"

Tomdick: "He borrowed five hundred pounds from me."

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.—"Mamma, really, it wasn't me ate up all that cake—it was Bobby."

"Well, Dick, bring the cathodal kodak and I'll see at once which one of you is guilty."

DAUGHTER (looking up from her novel): "Papa, in time of trial what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?"

Papa (who is a newly appointed magistrate): "An acquittal, I should think."

Ah! You Want Your Fortune Told!

SEND a specimen of your handwriting on an unruled sheet of paper, and signed with your customary signature and full address, inclosing six penny stamps and an envelope, stamped and addressed to yourself, to

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Henrietta Street, Strand, London.

What do I carry in the train
To soothe the weary journey's strain,
And cheer me till I'm home again?—Why, PEARSON'S.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2323. Which of the Fine Arts Seems Farthest Removed from Perfection?

Music, for it is founded on an imperfect scale, written in an imperfect and clumsy manner, and is most uncertain and untrustworthy in its effects. The modern equally-tempered scale, consisting of twelve equal semitones, is confessed to be only an unsatisfactory compromise, for each note is one-sixtieth of a semitone "out of tune," and the voice and some instruments but rarely keep to an equal temperament, and yet the old unequally tempered scale is unbearably out of tune in some keys. Modern notation has gradually developed, but it still perpetuates many of the shortcomings of the past. It gives no hint as to the tonic, its expression marks are crude and imperfect, and its absurd use of different "clefs" a reproach to modern inventive power. Music is supposed to act directly upon the passions and emotions, but so imperfect is its action that no two people hardly can agree as to the mental effect of any composition, if not interpreted by words, and much of the highest music produces only a feeling of irritation on the large majority of hearers.

2324. Are there any Known Means of Insuring Immunity from Snake Bites and Scorpion Stings?

The investigations of Dr. Calmette, the life-long friend and collaborator of the late M. Pasteur, have settled this point beyond doubt. To be inoculated with the venom is to guard yourself against the possibility of future attack. In discovering this it is curious that the two facts which probably lead up to this field of research have both been discredited. It was assumed that the immunity of poisonous snakes against their own poison depended upon self immunisation, called forth by swallowing their own venom, or by repeatedly inoculating themselves. This is now thought highly improbable, while simultaneously it has become known that all poisonous snakes are not safe against the poisons of other different species. The credit of the discovery of a cure for snake bite belongs solely to France. In that country they have already begun to manufacture the antiseptic serum in large quantities. Several chemical combinations and notably chloride of lime by itself have been found to have the same effect upon the human system. It is now supposed that the traditional immunity enjoyed by the Indian fakirs was due to the possession of this knowledge or the fact that having been once accidentally bitten and having survived the first attack, they experienced no evil effects from subsequent bites.

2325. Which is the most Notable Example in History of the Saying: "Character is Destiny"?

It is most conspicuously true of Napoleon, though many other examples might be instanced. He, though fond of styling himself the child of destiny, exhibited in every act and phase of his career the most striking illustration of a man whose character was his destiny. He worked out as few, if any, other men have done every line of one of the most powerful and uniquely endowed characters the world has ever seen. No man had more definite aims or a clearer view of what he wanted to do and how to do it. As he marched to the zenith of his power his history certainly exhibits as no other individual's does, the natural unfolding, developing, and realising of hopes, plans, and ambitions that alike revealed the real man and sealed his destiny. No less true is it that in his downfall he was as clearly the victim of a fate to which his own radical defects of character more than anything else had inevitably drawn him. Everything that was possible to such a character he achieved by matchless capacities, goaded on by an insatiable ambition. In the end he tried to live and thrive without moral principle, and in his ultimate eclipse character and destiny are as clearly and unmistakably associated as cause and effect.

2326. Which are the Earliest Recorded Scientific Astronomical Observations?

Those made by the Chinese Emperor Fou-Hi whose reign commenced about 2857 years before our era. This monarch was an assiduous student of the heavens and laboured to instruct his more ignorant subjects in the mysteries of astronomy. Later, in the year 2608 B.C., Hoang-Ti erected an observatory for the purpose of correcting the calendar which had already fallen into great confusion, and appointed one set of astronomers to observe the course of the sun, another that of the moon, and a third that of the stars. The reign of Hoang-Ti is rendered memorable by the institution of the Mathematical Tribunal for promoting the science of astronomy and regularly predicting eclipses, to which an extraordinary importance has always been attached in China. The members of this celebrated tribunal were made responsible with their lives for the accuracy of their observations by a law of the Empire which ordained that "whether the instant of the occurrence of any celestial phenomenon was erroneously assigned or the phenomenon itself not foreseen and predicted, either negligence should be punished with death"—a sanguinary law which the authorities did not fail to enforce.

2327. Which Existing Mines have been Consecutively Worked for the Longest Period?

Probably the iron mines of the island of Elba, which appear to have been worked uninterruptedly for at least three thousand years; local tradition says four thousand. According to this tradition, the people of Syracuse were the first to work the mines. Later, as we know, the ancient Etruscans used them, and after that the Romans. They still appear inexhaustible to us, as they did to Virgil (*Æn. X., 173*). Up to 1751 the amount of ore excavated annually is estimated at 4,000 tons. From that date till 1851 it is said to have been about 14,000 tons; from 1851 to 1881 about 120,000 tons. In 1881, 400,000 tons were taken out. The Government, fearing that at this rate the ore would soon be exhausted, fixed the annual maximum at 180,000 tons, at which it still remains. The ore is of the highest quality, but the methods of extraction used are still very primitive.

2328. Is the Artificial Incubation of Eggs a Modern Invention?

No. It was practised by the Chinese and the Ancient Egyptians. Diodorus, who wrote 40 years B.C., tells us "that the Egyptians, with their own hands, bring eggs to maturity, and the chickens thus produced are not inferior to those hatched in the ordinary manner." The practice has been carried on by the native Egyptians ever since, and the method still used has been employed from time immemorial. The eggs are placed on mats strewn with bran in a room about 11 ft. square and 4 ft. high. Over this is another room about 9 ft. high. In the upper room fires are made in troughs, and immediately below in corresponding lines in the lower room the eggs to be hatched are laid out. After ten days the eggs are removed to another room where there are no fires, but from which the air is excluded. Here they remain five days, after which they are laid down, each one apart from the others, and continually turned. This stage lasts about seven days, and at the end of that time the chicken may be expected to make its appearance.

2329. To what Extent does Climate Vary within Short Distances in the Same Country?

Wherever great differences exist in the height of districts above the sea level there must be great difference of climate. The village of Chamounix and the top of Mont Blanc, for example, are not very far apart, but the difference of climate at the two stations can be well imagined. The greatest difference would be found on the top of the highest mountain—Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, for instance, and the country at its foot some few miles distant. Wherever some great physical feature, as a chain of mountains crosses a country, great difference of climate is likely to be experienced on the opposite side of the chain. Perhaps the most noticeable case occurs in the Andes, where the moisture drawn from the Pacific is expended on the eastern side, and at Atacama, on the western side, so little rain is expected that the inhabitants build their

houses of a soluble salt of soda. Mr. Blandford, the Indian Meteorologist, mentions a case in Ceylon where local circumstances operated much in the same way, though on a less magnificent scale than in the Andes. Mr. Blandford was at a hill sanatorium on the western face of the highest mountain in the island. The south-west monsoon was blowing, and during the whole time of his stay it rained without an hour's intermission, but by crossing a crest of the mountain only five miles distant to a lower table-land, he reached a country where all rain ceased and clouds disappeared, and he looked down on the rolling grassy hills, bathed in the sunshine of a tropical sun, and swept by the dry westerly wind that descended from the mountain ridge. "In little more than a mile one passed from day-long and week-long cloud and rain to constant sunshine and a cloudless sky."

2330. Has Short Sight any Noticeable Effect on the Mental Character?

One of its most noticeable effects is the absence of shyness and self-consciousness in public, which, reacting on the character, often endows the short-sighted with more moral courage than their long-sighted brethren. The short-sighted cannot see the expression on the faces of those with whom they are brought in contact and are therefore more dependent on their own resources and are more independent. It is surprising how many of those, whose success depends upon self-assurance, are short-sighted, such, for example, as actors, and more especially those who do dramatic and musical sketches, where an utter absence of self-consciousness is essential to success. Short-sight seems to develop the artistic temperament, a love of music such as the blind almost invariably show, and a love of pictures, because everything seen through glasses takes more or less the character of a picture, and thus the painter's art seems more real to them than to the long-sighted.

2331. How Many of the World's Great Warriors have Won their Reputation in Old Age?

Though most of the "great captains" have made their reputations before reaching the age of fifty, there are some who did their best work at a much greater age. The most striking instance of this is perhaps that of Enrico Dandolo, elected Doge of Venice in 1192, at the age of eighty-two. In the following years he attacked and conquered Trieste, the Ionian Islands, and Constantinople. In 1204, being then ninety-four years of age, he took Constantinople by storm, himself leading the attack and established there the Latin Empire of Constantinople. In ancient time Fabius Maximus and Cincinnatus performed their famous exploits when over sixty years of age. Turenne did his best work at about sixty, and so did Rodney and Earl St. Vincent. In modern days Moltke made his reputation partly in 1864 and 1866, but chiefly in the Franco-German war in 1870 and 1871, when he was seventy years old. The ages at which the greatest commanders made their reputations are these: Alexander the Great, between twenty-one and thirty-three; Hannibal between twenty-six and forty-five; Julius Caesar, between forty-two and fifty-five; Frederic the Great, between twenty-nine and fifty-one; Gustavus Adolphus between thirty-six and thirty-eight; Napoleon between twenty-seven and forty-six.

2332. Why are Trees which Shed their Leaves Longer Lived than Evergreens?

The answer seems to depend on the very natural idea of rest. In autumn the absorbing activity of the roots of trees in general is reduced by the low temperature of the earth, that the process of transpiration diminishes, and the life-forces of the trees remain quiescent. In other words, the trees are resting, or sleeping, and when the warm weather returns, they awake, invigorated after the rest to go through their usual course of activity. This is not the case with the evergreens, for to a more or less degree they are always active, transpiration going on, the sap circulating more or less, and the possibilities and opportunities of sleep or rest reduced to a minimum. This necessarily wears on the plant. It lives its life out in shorter time, and therefore dies off in much less space of time than the ordinary trees which shed their leaves every autumn.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at the rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2361. Which European country is least liable to foreign invasion?
2362. In which respects, if any, is modern civilisation superior to that of Augustan Rome?
2363. At what period did wigs first come into use?
2364. Which is the most signal example in our history of "Out of the frying-pan into the fire"?
2365. Which plants are propagated in the greatest number of ways?
2366. What is the most curious question that has ever been debated by a council of state?
2367. At what period in the past did female fashions most resemble those of the present?
2368. Is it true that the standard of personal beauty is higher amongst civilised than among savage people?
2369. Why are waggon wheels "dished"?
2370. How old is the rule of the road as to keeping to the left?

What, if I'm killed, will help my wife
And children in the bitter strife
Of battle which we call our life?—Why, PEARSON'S.

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THERE'S a jolly little proverb
That is pretty much like this:
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss.
But there's danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it,
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give the sunny weather
For a black and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you, there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it!
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

WHERE DO YOU STRIKE YOUR MATCHES?

ONE evening not long ago, as a tramcar was jolting along Clapham Common, a young man stepped off the curb and hailed it. The driver screwed down his brake, and brought the car to a standstill opposite him. Between the young man's lips was an unlighted cigar, and in his fingers a match. When the car had fully stopped the young man walked over to it, carefully scratched his match on the side of it, and slowly lighted his cigar.

The driver was looking at him in a fascinated way. When the cigar was lighted and drawing freely, the young man waved the car along, nodding his thanks to the conductor, and stepped back to the pavement. It happened so quickly, so naturally, and so altogether as a matter of course, that all the driver could say was, "Well, I'll be blowed!" The passengers gazed stupidly at the man, who was walking away slowly, hypnotised by his cool cheek.

A ROYAL PHYSICIAN.

QUEEN MARIE AMELIE OF PORTUGAL HAS EARNED THE DEGREE OF M.D.

THE first lady of Portugal is also the first lady born to the purple to actually become a full fledged physician. She devoted several years to the study of medicine and is now entitled to inscribe herself Marie Amelie, M.D.

This fact alone stamps her as a woman of rare force of character, but other achievements plainly indicate that she is one of the most remarkable queens on a throne to-day.

Queen Marie Amelie is a princess of Orleans-Bourbon and a daughter of the late Count of Paris. She was married to Dom Carlos in 1886, and three years later found herself sharing his throne. She has two children, to whom she is a devoted mother, but her nursery duties are not so onerous that she is unable to find time to work for the good of Portugal.

It is said that her attention was first drawn to the field of medicine by the ravages of diphtheria in the kingdom. Owing to the indifference of many of the people to soap and water and the ordinary principles of sanitation, the dread disease is more of a scourge in Portugal than in any other European country. When Queen Marie Amelie noted this fact and heard of the curative diphtheria serum she at once took steps to have the serum used in her country.

Untutored as she was then in medical lore, she displayed a breadth of view and a progressiveness sadly lacking in the Portuguese medical fraternity. On all sides physicians opposed the use of the serum, but after a thorough investigation Queen Marie Amelie decided that Portugal must have it.

To procure public confidence she was herself publicly inoculated with the serum, without injurious effect, and she further aided the good work by turning her riding school into a laboratory and by furnishing her own horses to those entrusted with the task of producing the serum.

The Queen next became alarmed for the health of Dom Carlos, and decided to become a physician, so that she could care for him intelligently. She accordingly began studying with the zeal of an enthusiast, and recently passed a difficult examination with comparative ease, so great was her knowledge of medicine.

BIRTHDAY HEROISM.

It is recorded of a little Sydney boy that he allowed his mother's birthday to dawn without having anything to give her. This was, to him, a terrible state of things, and seemed to call for a desperate remedy.

He began by offering her, one after another, every toy he owned, but she was too good-natured to take them. At last, after carefully considering the whole matter, he said, with a degree of earnestness which showed how much he felt the sacrifice he was about to propose:

"I know what I'll do: I'll take a dose of castor oil for you!" The resources of heroism, so far as he was concerned, were exhausted.

ARE BIRDS SWIFTER THAN INSECTS?

It is a popular belief that the flight of birds is much swifter than that of insects, but some scientists who have been making a study of the matter think that such is not the case.

A common house-fly, for example, is not particularly rapid in flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second, and send it through the air twenty-five feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time.

When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed to over 160ft. per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line, it would cover that distance in exactly thirty-three seconds.

It is not an uncommon thing, when travelling by rail in the summer-time, to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train, and trying to get into one of the windows.

A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds, and it was thought until recently that no insect could escape it; yet Professor Leunwenhok tells of an exciting chase he saw in a menagerie, about 100ft. long, between a swallow and a dragon-fly, which is among the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed, and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.

COOK (to mistress): "Now I'm leavin' of yer I may as well tell yer as th' key o' th' kitchen door fits yer store-room."

JONES (very cross): "Throw that thing away, do."

BROWN (very happy): "Look here! I don't often give sixpence for a cigar, but when I do—"

Jones: "You get fourpence change!"

A SPORTSMAN hastily made a bullet out of a piece of plug tobacco, and shot it through the body of a dog which had gone mad. The animal died. Here we have another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.

LITTLE BOY: "That lady gave me some toffee."

Mother: "I hope you were polite about it?"

Little Boy: "Yes, mamma."

Mother: "What did you say?"

Little Boy: "I said I wished pa had met her before he got 'quainted with you.'"

WHEN the overland telegraph was being erected from Adelaide to Port Darwin some twenty years ago, a number of black fellows were quietly watching the men stretching the wires from pole to pole. Breaking the silence which had hitherto reigned, one old native said, with evident disgust: "White feller, big feller, fool! Him muttons go under it!" He thought it was a wire fence round a sheep run!

"HAVE you finished that address of mine on 'Modern Progress?'" asked the great man of his private secretary.

"Yes, sir," replied the brainy hireling.

"Have you put in everything you could think of relating to the subject?"

"Yes, sir; I have made it very exhaustive; I don't think anything further could be said."

"Very well; just say at the beginning that 'I regret that, owing to the brief time allotted to me, I will be unable to go so fully into the subject as I could wish, and let me have it.'"

MELODY.

THE NEW MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

The chief attractions of MELODY are its large size, the clearness of the music, the popularity of the authors and composers, and the beauty of their productions.

For sixpence—the price of MELODY—you can obtain every month a dozen or more musical compositions, all delightful, all original, at a cost of 4d. each!

MELODY Published Monthly—Price Sixpence.

What do I hear when at the end
Of each week's work my way I wend
To my dear home? "Oh! father, lend—Me PEARSON'S."

SHALL WE BUNGLE AGAIN IN THE SOUDAN?

THE threatened outbreak of hostilities in the Soudan makes the present moment a fitting opportunity to relate some unpublished incidents of the Egyptian Campaign of 1882-3, revealing the chaotic state in which this war found our system of supply and transport.

When the troops landed in Alexandria, seventy days' supply of flour was purchased from an American firm through a London broker, and sent out. The Director of Supplies and Transports and the Director of Contracts each was supposed to have examined the five different brands of flour in bulk. As a matter of fact, only one small sample of a few ounces out of the whole lot was examined, with the result that inferior flour to that arranged for was shipped, and when it arrived, the greater portion of it, owing to its bad quality, and the moist and hot climate, was in hard, solid blocks. When the sacks were torn off, in many cases the flour remained standing like a plaster of Paris pillar.

An attempt was made by "reaking up and sifting it to utilise the flour, but the bread was uneatable, and the remainder of the flour was ultimately sold for making starch.

Complaints were made, and several of the sacks returned to England for analysis, but when the bulk samples on which the purchases were alleged to have been made were demanded, they naturally could not be produced; and the tiny sample actually examined which had been knocking about the War Office, was in such a disgusting condition that the chief analyst refused to touch it.

The next big muddle, embodying a large amount of fraud, concerned itself with the supply of hay for the British horses in Egypt.

Nearly 2,500 tons was purchased, at a cost of £20,500, through a contractor from upwards of a hundred sources, so that its quality varied. It was bought as "the best meadow hay." When the first thousand tons arrived at their destination, it was discovered that hundreds of the bales were filled with outside wrappers of hay, with pieces of brick, with stones, rubbish, and refuse straw rolled up into hard lumps. The hay itself consisted largely of that wiry stuff used at home for packing china in hampers; consequently, thanks to the contemptible action of the mercenary individuals from whose meadows the hay was taken, a tremendous amount of suffering was undergone by the horses through want of proper food.

It was well known to the authorities that the facilities for landing the railway engines at Ismailia were so poor that it was necessary to construct a special pier to be erected on sunken barges.

This structure was built at Woolwich. It was an elaborate concern, and was equipped with steam cranes, an enormous shear for lifting heavy weights, and lines for through connection with the railway.

It was sent over in three ships. The first, with the engineer on board arrived about eighteen days before the others, and by that time it was too late to be of use.

The pier was never erected, the cranes were never unloaded, and, as for the big shear—one of its legs was found to have been left behind.

Concerning the material comforts of the men, it is interesting to note that of the 9,300 pounds of tinned foods sent out for consumption, only 4,445 pounds were fit for use on arrival—the result of purchasing cheap and inferior goods on an occasion when no expense should be spared to insure the comfort and health, as far as possible, of our soldiers abroad.

There was a nice bungle, too, over the medical transport business.

When the war was being arranged for, a number of mules were carefully trained to carry *cachets* or litters for the Ambulance Service. When they were as nearly perfection as they could be got, and the time arrived for them to be put to practical use, they were calmly given over as pack mules for the transport service, and wild, untrained animals imported from the north of Spain to take their place.

When the first litter was put on one of them and a man placed in it, he was promptly shot out; and, as this happened in every case, the animals had to be abandoned to other work.

Those men engaged in night work were supplied with lamps without oil and candles. The wick-holders of the lamps had to be removed and the candle stuck in the aperture; but, in view of the fact that when so placed the candle went up the glass chimney and emitted dense volumes of smoke until it was within two inches of the bottom, this lighting apparatus was useless for its purpose.

The incidents related above are just a few instances of the want of organisation and the looseness of some of the contracts that existed at that time in our system of supply and transport. That matters have improved since then it is impossible to say, in view of the absence of any great call upon this particular department of the service.

There have been petty expeditions, but these have no bearing on the full working power of the mechanism.

Certain it is that in modern warfare no time will be allowed to make good the consequences of early bungling. The fate of more than one great Power will be decided well within fifty-five days, which was the time occupied for the occupation of Cairo by the British.

NEW AND STRANGE.

THERE has recently been invented:

A little petroleum barometer, 150 times as sensitive as the ordinary barometer.

A whip-top that can be set in motion by means of an internal spring. Patentee: Mr. R. B. Waters, 28, Hanton Street, Deptford.

A method of filtering—that is to say washing, drying, cooling, and compressing the atmosphere of a telephone switchroom, where it is necessary to keep the air free from dust.

An automatic saddle for bicycles, the angle of which is modified according to the level of the road over which the machine is travelling. To be obtained from the Automatic Saddle Company, Limited, Chapel Lane, Hull.

How to keep silk hats in a state of constant respectability is a problem with which a good quarter of the population of London are constantly wrestling. There reaches me opportunely a neat little box containing a black die to revive the binding, and a miraculous polish to reanimate the bedimmed glory of the silk. With these are included a velvet pad. A similar box contains the paraphernalia for the replenishment of old black gloves. These boxes may be obtained from the agents of the Corolla Manufacturing Co., Messrs. H. Tebbutt and Co., 28, Davanant Road, Upper Holloway, and the price thereof is fourpence, post free.

An invention that is likely to prove of no small value is that which has at last brought to a state of perfection a luminous foresight for all kinds of guns. A minute incandescent lamp, supplied with current from a simple form of battery ingeniously concealed in the stock, is mounted within a shield at the muzzle of the gun, and a faint ray of light is exposed in the direction of the shooter's eye. This enables the shooter to obtain the required alignment with the back sight and with the target. In shooting game at night, or for more serious purposes, such, for instance, as the illumination of a machine gun used against torpedo attacks in the dark, this invention ought to prove of the utmost service.

A SCHEME has been devised to prevent the trapping of fingers and dresses in the doors of railway carriages. The yawning gap which is usually left invitingly exposed when the door is open is covered with American cloth which being wound on a perpendicular roller is drawn in and out as the door swings backwards and forwards. Operating in connection with this is a swinging pad running the entire length of the framework on the opposite side which comes into position as the door closes and does away once and for all with the possibility of broken fingers or torn clothing. Whether the design is too complicated to be adopted by our railway companies is, however, an important question. The patentee is Mr. F. C. Cawdell, of Upper Cudworth, near Barnsley.

DIFFICULT as it is to believe there is now the possibility of one day finding a dry seat on the top of a bus even in the wettest weather. It is Mr. H. Farrell, of 26, Holland Street, Fairfield, Liverpool, who has done this thing. It is not the idea so much as the adaptation that is new. In theatres and other places of amusement swing seats have been commonly employed for years. For outdoor use the value of such an invention is naturally greatly enhanced. When not in use the seats—according to Mr. Farrell's plan—will hang in a slanting position like the top of a hen coop and with the reverse side uppermost. This surface would naturally lend itself for the display of advertisements and the idea is altogether exceedingly worthy.

I HAVE only one objection to stopping in bed myself. This is, that you can never be comfortable unless you are lying right down and doing nothing. Pillows are delusions. To be propped up with cushions is something like leaning back against water. Invalids and other lazy people, therefore, will look upon Miss Bryson, the inventor of the Hammock Bed Rest, as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. This hammock, made of soft cotton network, is thrown round the shoulders, and ensconces itself around the small of the back like a shawl. From the corners run two ropes, which are fastened to the foot of the bed, and an ingenious system of pulleys makes it possible for the stay-abed to raise himself to whatever angle may please him best. Having gone so far, however, it is unaccountable that the inventor did not go a little farther, and so arrange matters that heavy sleepers might automatically be delivered at the proper time over the foot of the bed into their bath. These hammocks may be obtained wholesale from Messrs. S. Maw, Son, and Thompson, London. Price 6s. 6d.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

JOHN W. MACKAY, the American millionaire, is a native of Dublin.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD as a rule writes only about 1,500 words at a sitting.

THE Marquis of Salisbury prefers to stand at a high desk while working.

DRAPEY of every kind is an annoyance to Prince Bismarck; even lamp shades are not permitted in his rooms.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL, erstwhile editor of a little paper called the REALM, is a noted swimmer and fencer.

THE favourite hobby of Prince Adolph Schonberg-Lippe is to array himself in military attire and drive a tramcar.

UNLIKE his predecessor the young Tsar of Russia walks almost daily in the streets of St. Petersburg. Sometimes he is attended by no one but his wife; on other occasions he goes alone.

THE Queen has a marked preference for grey horses, and throughout her holiday on the Riviera a magnificent pair of this colour have been in almost daily use.

MRS. CLEVELAND, the wife of the American President, receives more letters daily than any other woman in the world. The majority of these are from ladies of whose very names she is ignorant.

It is said of Sir Wilfred Lawson that he was once much disconcerted at a political meeting. "I must tell you," he shouted with emphasis, "that I am a party man." Shriek voice: "Yes, a tea-party man!"

PADEREWSKI never signs an agreement, and he has never failed to keep an engagement except through serious illness. It is a peculiarity of this great genius that he cannot pass a blind man without giving him alms. For his own part he is a most cheerful individual, and hardly knows what it is to have a fit of the blues.

THAT most fortunate of all playwrights, Mr. Brandon Thomas, was at one time apprenticed to a shipwright at Liverpool. After many vicissitudes in his business career, Mr. Thomas, who had always had a reputation among his friends as a reciter, joined the great army of actors, and has since then taken the leading part in one or two of his own plays.

COLONEL WAUCHOPE, commanding the 2nd Black Watch, tells a good story about his midshipman days in the navy. He said they once landed at Cherbourg to play cricket, and so mystified the Frenchmen that they almost interfered to stop the game. They thought the putting up of the stumps and bails was a new mode of surveying directed against the defence of the military port!

MADAME ZOLA, though a very devoted wife, has never read or tried to read one of her husband's works. She declares that she is ready to believe what their warmest admirers say of them. Zola is not a bit disturbed by her indifference to his writings. He says that he married her, not on account of her intellect, but on account of her heart, and he thinks it is a great mistake for any man, particularly if literary, to choose on other grounds.

To every great man a hobby. With M. Sardon it is building himself houses. In this way he delights in spending his wealth. On Mont Boron, on the outskirts of Nice, stands a huge erection of stone, dwarfing the surrounding villas, which is merely the foundation of a palatial residence which the eminent dramatist commenced, and after an expenditure of some £40,000, was prevented from completing on the grounds that the structure would interfere with the outlook of the fort perched on the hill behind.

MRS. VANDERBILT, the widow of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, holds to the rule that obtains with the rest of her late husband's family of never giving to those who ask for help; but at the same time she devotes most of her large income to charitable work, living simply and quietly herself. She investigates through competent agents the cases of those sick and needy whom she seeks out and assists generously. During last winter she is said to have paid the rent of nearly a thousand persons, and she goes frequently into the slums and to the missions; but her great anxiety is to conceal her identity and avoid thanks.

MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., was born in 1852. It was chance alone which led him to become a sculptor. Commencing his career in a merchant's office, he grew disgusted, and, throwing up his position, set himself to study art. To become a painter was then his ambition. He chanced one day, however, to occupy some spare time in modelling in clay the head and bust of a friend, and, surprised at his own success, he forthwith turned himself to the work which has brought him, while still a young man, both fame and fortune. His features are boldly cut, his hair is short and unruly, and he wears a long moustache and a pointed imperial below. In Mr. Ford's experience, Mr. Gladstone is not a good sitter, but Mr. Balfour is, while Sir Henry Irving passes through the ordeal with as good a grace as could be expected from a man of highly nervous temperament.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

BURY have made so good a fight in the League, after a somewhat disastrous commencement, that a great deal of interest is felt in their doings this season by those who before were scarcely conscious of their existence. In addition to their League and Association Cup performances they have made a determined effort to win the Lancashire Cup, and at the time of writing it is not certain that they will not succeed, as they have just played a drawn game in the final tie with Blackburn Rovers. Bury stands as nearly midway as possible in the League table, having eight clubs above and seven below. The chief feature of their season's doings has been their consistently good play away from home.

To their captain, Thomas Gilmour Wyllie, the Bury team owe a great deal of the success they have gained, both for his own fine play and for the excellent fashion in which he has kept his men together. Wyllie is fairly speedy, dribbles with much cleverness, and is particularly deadly with a fast screw shot. When Bury recently scored five goals to three against Aston Villa, Wyllie captured the first three himself. He is twenty-six years of age, is only of medium height and weight, but is splendidly built, and stays well through the hardest and fastest game. He learnt his football at Maybole, played with the Glasgow Rangers from 1881 to 1890, in which year he played for Scotland against Ireland, as well as for Glasgow in general inter-city matches. Subsequently he played for Everton for two seasons.

THERE has been a great *furor* ament the transfer of James Whitehouse from Grimsby Town to Aston Villa, the reason being that the Villa have had to grant the Grimsby club exceptionally good terms—£200 down and the promise of a match at Grimsby next September. Whitehouse is undoubtedly a good goal-keeper, but it is doubtful if the crack Birmingham team would have cared to expend so much hard cash in order to acquire his services if circumstances had not almost compelled them to do so. The new man is a native of Birmingham, having been born there twenty-three years ago, so that he will be at home with the presumptive League champions. He played for junior clubs in the Birmingham district for some years, then joined Birmingham St. George's when that organisation was figuring somewhat prominently in the Alliance, and four years ago transferred his services to Grimsby Town. In height and reach Whitehouse is well favoured for his particular duties, and his agility in goal has been proved over and over again by his success, especially in the repulse of penalty kicks. He gave a grand display on the recent occasion of the meeting of his club with West Bromwich Albion in the Association Cup ties, and this it was which caused Aston Villa to determine to secure him at all costs.

ALTHOUGH both men have done great things for the different teams for which they have played, as heretofore set forth in this column, there can be no gainsaying the fact that the selection of C. J. Bunney and A. G. Henfrey to play for England against Scotland has caused surprise amounting almost to consternation. The first-named is a speedy and dashing wing forward, but his physique is almost of the opposite kind to that for which we have been accustomed to look in English forwards, and it cannot be seriously argued that he possesses either the cleverness, the resource, or the experience of Spikesley, whom practically he displaces. The reason of the selection probably is that Spikesley did not shine particularly in the Irish match, when for long spells he got nothing to do, whilst in the Amateurs v. Professionals trial match, Bunney nicely nursed by his big partner, made a very good show. In the case of Henfrey, whilst the surprise expressed has been almost greater, the justification for the choice is more clear. No one attempts to deny Henfrey's great cleverness and splendid pluck and judgment as a half-back; but his great lack for a first-class match is pace, and against some of the very fast English professional forwards, he has ere now come off very badly. Fortunately speed is not the chief characteristic of the Scottish forwards, and the old Wellington boy may find his agility and judgment a match for that of the men whom he will have to watch.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR
FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the best of any football player who dies with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in a line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy must be upon the person at the time of the accident. Not a word must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed

Available until midnight, April 18th, 1896.

My wife says: "Have you brought HOME NOTES, And CHILDREN'S FASHIONS, for the coats The twins must have?" She really dotes—On PEARSON'S.

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

No. 27.

FOR many years young collectors, and old ones too, for that matter, have been puzzling their heads over the distinction between London and Brussels prints of the Belgian stamps of 1865—those bearing in profile the beardless face of the old King Leopold I. The question has often been put to us, and we have replied that the only difference between them was that the former were more finely printed than the latter. This was a rather indefinite rule of guidance, but it was the only possible one.

Dealers, however, have always professed to be very sure of their ground in separating these two sorts, and latterly there has been a heavy advance in the prices asked for the so-called London prints. In the current Gibbons' catalogue, the prices for unused copies range from 7s. 6d. to 15s., whereas the highest value placed on any of the "Brussels" prints, save for rare colour-shades, is 7s. 6d., for the one franc, and most of them are a great deal cheaper.

But now comes the quaint discovery that, with the small exception of 1,500 copies of the 1 franc lilac, there has never been any such thing as a London print. For thirty years the dealers and experts have all been mistaken. It seems that before the plates and the surface-printing machines for printing them were sent out of England, 1,500 impressions of the 1 franc were made and perforated, and that was all. But English workmen went over to Belgium with the machines, taking ink and paper with them, and they showed the Belgian printers how the thing should be done. It is taken for granted that the superior execution shown on some of the stamps, notably the beautiful 30 cent. dates from this period while the printing at Brussels was still under the supervision of these Englishmen.

What will the dealers do about it now that the discovery has been made? They can no longer separate the stamps into two arbitrary classes, labeling one Brussels and the other London. At most it can only be said that some of the stamps of this 1865 issue are better printed than others; but that is true of about four-fifths of all the issues in the world. It may be possible to continue to charge a trifle more for what may be called the first printing than for the coarser subsequent impressions, but collectors will properly object to being charged a fancy difference.

The Society for the Suppression of the other SS's, or some other such body, ought to take up the whole question of Morocco stamps. There are now five or six different issues lurking about in the background of the market, some of them of admittedly doubtful character, one or two of them known to be private swindles, and all more or less open to suspicion. We find now a new set, apparently vouched for by LE TIMBRE POST, which is as sound an authority as any in existence, and we give an illustration of the design; but there is still room for more information about the circumstances of the issue.



The stamps are described as for the use of a postal service established somewhere on the Morocco coast by the Spanish Government, and very likely in this case they are genuine enough. But both the Spaniards, the French, and other nations have numerous indefinite privileges and concessions of this sort at various points in Morocco, and the uncertainty surrounding these gives stamp-swindlers an exceptional opportunity to defraud collectors and dealers.

The Greek issue of commemorative stamps on the occasion of the Olympian games at Athens this summer, will have very little chance, if any, on the English market. The S.S.S.S. has denounced them in advance, and we have no fault to find with its decision. The issue is as obviously speculative as are the games themselves, and the event which serves as a pretext for its appearance has no importance to anybody save Athenian hotel-keepers. Here is a case then which does come within the original scope of the society, and it is quite right to declare a boycott.

Portugal is also preparing still another set of commemorative stamps! This time the excuse is the 400th anniversary of the establishment of Portugal's once enormous empire in the Indies. These possessions have now shrunk to a equal little group of dead-and-alive outposts, the total import and export business of which in a year amounts to about £10,000. In other words, there are a good many private collections of postage stamps in the world which exceed in value the entire year's commerce of the Portuguese Indies, yet Portugal has the effrontery to issue a set of nine grandiloquent postal labels to call attention to the fact that she has had these territories for four centuries, and has done nothing with them. Judging from the outline designs, one of which we reproduce, "grandiloquent" is just the word. Heraldic angels, mermaids, elephants, and dragons abound, and the artist has been given the widest license of decorative extravagance. The nine pictures are all different, and if

they were to be as beautifully engraved and printed as were some of the United States Columbian stamps, they might attract as pictorial achievements where they



failed to convince as postage stamps. But the execution of the Prince Henry and San Antonio "commemorative" issues hardly warrants the expectation that these new things will be of much account artistically. Within the past few years, what with these speculative ventures, and the multiplication of new colonial issues and surcharges, Portugal must have cleared much more than a cool £100,000 from the collectors of the world. We were glad to hear that the San Antonio experiment was next door to a financial failure, and we trust that this fresh piece of impudence will receive no support whatever.

But what about Seebecks? Here, for instance, is the new 1896 set from Salvador. There are eleven of them, and this time, apparently to strengthen their claim upon philately, each denomination has a design of its own. This is unusual in Seebecks, which have been content heretofore with a single picture or portrait, ringing the changes on this in gaudy colours for the delectation of school-boys. Now we have two government buildings, a railway engine, two steamships, a volcano, a lake, a waterfall, two armorial compositions, and a head of Columbus. We illustrate this last, as it differs from the various Columbian effigies displayed on Chilean and other American issues.



But ought they to be collected? It is admitted that they are in the truest sense of the word "speculative." A New York company supplies them to Salvador for nothing, and gets its profit by also supplying the philatelic trade. As there are less than 20,000 people of European descent in the Republic, and only a very small proportion of these can read and write, it is a fair assumption that Salvador gets only a few of these stamps, at least for postal purposes, and that the philatelic trade gets a great many. We have not heard of any proposition in the Society of Suppression to blacklist these purely commercial stamps, it is true, but that is no reason why collectors should not refuse to buy them all the same.

Originally it was thought that a satisfactory compromise could be arrived at by drawing the line at unused Seebecks, and saying that when they were used they became legitimate objects for collection. But unhappily in these later days a great many stamps get cancelled somehow without ever going through the post, and there is so much suspicion about obliterations in general that even this rule no longer works. We are driven back, therefore, to the safeguard of original envelopes. If Seebecks can be shown on these, with undoubted proof of postal use, then there can be no dispute as to their individual character. In any other shape it must be a matter for the collector's own private taste and judgment.

We should add, perhaps, that the Greek Olympian stamps mentioned above are to be used for postage during a fixed period, and that to our mind it would be the height of folly for a collector to throw away any of them which came in his way thus used. Our objection is to the purchase of them in the unused state. It is announced that after the sale of these Olympian stamps ceases, the present stamps will reappear, but with slightly altered colours.

(With this article the series *Our Stamp Album* concludes for the present. *Army Notes* next week.)

CIRCUMSTANCES HAD CHANGED.—A: "Before Miss Thingleigh's father made his fortune she used to be long and lanky."

B: "Well, has she changed?"

A: "Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall."

A LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.—Professor in English (to young man): "How would you punctuate the following: 'The beautiful girl, for such was she, was passing down the street?'"

Student: "I think, Professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl."

Everybody Likes to Save £10.

Don't They?

Well, then the best thing that they can do is to buy a P.W. Bicycle. Fitted with accessories, they cost only £14 14s. These are the very best machines on the market. One is on exhibition at the offices of P.W.

WHICH COUNTRY HAS THE FINEST MILITIA?

THE military organisation of Switzerland is different from that of any other country. There is no standing army, but all the able-bodied men are banded together to form what may be termed, without exaggeration, the most efficient militia force in the world.

Upon coming of age, every Swiss who has passed the required physical examination is sent to a military school, where he is drilled by professional instructors. The time thus spent varies from forty-five to eighty days, according to the branch of the service into which the recruit may have been drafted.

Upon leaving the recruiting schools, the young men now trained to be soldiers, join the active army. Every third or fourth year they are called out to join the ranks for from eleven to fifteen days' service. At the age of thirty-two they pass into the Landwehr, or first reserve, and at forty-four into the Landstrum or second reserve.

According to the statistics for 1894, Switzerland, with a population of less than 3,000,000 souls, could count on a total of 488,526 armed men.

The Swiss are naturally efficient fighters, because they are trained from boyhood to shoot straight, and to carry heavy loads. Every village has its shooting range, where the youngsters are taught to hit the bull's eye as soon as they are strong enough to hold a rifle. In fact, shooting matches may be said to constitute the principal national sport.

In Zurich, according to an ancient and time honoured custom, the schoolboys have a special holiday, on which occasion they shoot for prizes, while the city magistrates themselves serve the boys at the stands.

If you should chance to be in Vevay, on Lake Lemane, some April, when the annual distribution of prizes to the school children takes place, you would be able to see quite a vigorous spectacular sham battle in the market place.

At the upper end of the large open space, is a little corn-hall, built like a Greek temple, with Doric columns. This is the citadel, and the object of attack on the part of the cadets.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more inspiring than the surroundings in which these young soldiers are privileged to fight. Lake Lemane lies superbly placid. The farther mountains of Savoy are topped with snow, for all the world like great rugged cakes sprinkled with sugar.

The townspeople watch from a respectful distance, while the gunners wheel their field-pieces up the battle place. In the meantime the defending force kneel in skirmishing order before the citadel, to repel the enemy's charge.

To show there is not going to be any bloodshed, quite a collection of sisters and cousins, wearing their prettiest straw hats, are grouped unconcerned about the pillars, waiting for the fray to begin.

The Swiss soldier does not make much show at parade, for his uniform is somewhat inelegant, though eminently serviceable. The head dress for all arms is a kind of low shako—in German kappi, in French kepi—made of stiff velvet, with fore and aft peaks. A coloured worsted pompon or cockade denotes the wearer's particular branch of service. But the only really gay uniform is the light blue of the surgeons.

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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1893.

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will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed. PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, April 10th, 1896, until Midnight Saturday, April 18th, 1896. (See column 2, page 667.)

My daughter cries: "Where's MELODY?
There's a new song I want to see;
It's sure to be all right for me"—It's PEARSON'S.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Final War.

The Story of the Great Betrayal.
BY LOUIS TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST F. SHERIE.

SUMMARY.

TIME, 1898. War declared against Great Britain by Germany and France who endeavour to land their troops at Worthing but are repulsed by land and sea. Irene, daughter of Lord Eskdale is engaged to Captain Harrington, and Lieutenant Rodney, of H.M.S. Magnificent, to Harrington's sister Ethel. Rodney is ordered to proceed to the Suez Canal, in command of the Hornet. He succeeds in blowing up the canal in order to prevent the French from seizing it. A great naval encounter between the allied Powers and the British results in the defeat of the former. Preparations are made for the invasion of France and Germany. Havre is chosen as the point of attack. An engagement follows in which Captain Harrington was the V.C. The French are routed. Sir Evelyn Wood sets sail with his expedition for Germany. A small but powerful fleet under Sir Nowell Salmon engages the enemy at the mouth of the Kiel Canal. The English attack Stralsund and capture it from the rear. 200,000 English soldiers are on German soil. America remains neutral. The French are defeated at the battle of Yvetot. The allies fall back on Russian aid. Russia purposes the invasion of Britain, hoping thereby to draw the Indian Army and leave the road to the East clear. Admiral Fitzroy is compelled to leave Stralsund whilst Vice-Admiral Erskine is ordered to the Bristol Channel. A Russian fleet attacks Cardiff but is repulsed by the American Admiral Mahan on the plea of protecting American trading ships. America declares war against Germany, France, and Russia as equally of England. Canada equips an Army corps of 100,000 men to assist England, and South Africa gathers 30,000 men for the same purpose. Sydney is attacked by a combined French and Japanese fleet, but is repulsed by Admiral Fremantle's squadron of nineteen ships. Russia advances upon India. General Alikhanoff—in command of the 1st Army Corps—reaches the banks of the Helmund. Here the first encounter between Great Britain and Russia takes place. Russia is defeated. Simultaneously Captain Peyton of the 7th Lancers sets out on a secret mission to Mohammadabad.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE OXUS.

Russia is popularly supposed to be impregnable and unassailable. Vast though her bulk, she apparently offers few openings for attack. Napoleon once drove an army like a lance into her breast, but the lance was shattered by its own blow. England and France and Turkey combined spent all their strength against a puny peninsula in the Crimea. Russia, therefore, say the people who make war in words, cannot be invaded.

In India, however, a different opinion prevails. There, in the past, it was sufficient for a place to be impregnable to render it a fitting locality for a British cantonment. Chitral was unassailable until Colonel Kelly and his sepoy dragged guns through six feet of snow and over a 12,000 feet pass in order to mount them upon the fort of that name.

England was not, as we have seen, unprepared for sudden attack by the Continental powers, and when the Government of India were apprised of the threatened danger they at once took steps to checkmate any move on the part of the only foe they had reason to suspect.

Twenty British officers, fully conversant with the Russian and Persian languages, were dispatched early in April to Khorassan, via the Persian Gulf and the Karun River. They were accompanied by a trusted representative of the Foreign Department, who used some remarkably convincing arguments with the Shah, as that excellent descendant of the Prophet thenceforth professed the utmost ignorance of any events occurring on the Meshed-Astrabad frontier.

The range of hills running from the Caspian to the north-west corner of Afghanistan is occupied by Persian and Turkoman robber tribes. These, for the most part, have been driven out of Russian territory by successive wars and the vigorous application of the knout.

They are a nomad population, all armed and mounted, and all ready to enter into any scheme wherein bakshish, pillage, and a reasonable amount of throat-cutting are judiciously blended.

For twenty Englishmen, skilled in the manners of the East, and well supplied with money, to rapidly gain considerable ascendancy over these easily-led people was a simple matter of time and careful treatment.

When Captain Peyton reached Mohammadabad, therefore, he found that he was commandant of an irregular but mobile force of some 40,000 horsemen, each batch of 2,000 being under the special care of an English officer, and the whole body filled with malicious glee at the thought of striking an effective blow at their hereditary enemy.

The force was scattered at considerable intervals along a line of country which ran parallel with and some sixty miles south of the Transcaspian Railway, and the sealed orders delivered to the commandant by Adams, instructed him to advance upon the railway, seize simultaneously as much of its length as was possible between Dushakh and Kizil Arvat, and endeavour to hold the two latter places.

If the strength of the enemy was such as to render the concluding part of this programme impossible, he was to retire, having thoroughly destroyed the line before relinquishing it.

His attack was to be timed to fit in with the destruction of the first Russian Army Corps, the advance of which from India he would be certain to hear of.

If able to maintain his ground, he should strengthen both ends of his extended line of operations, and remain immovable until help came from India.

The principle underlying the scheme was at once apparent to an able soldier like Peyton.

By capturing or destroying Russia's means of rapid communication with the Afghan frontier in the neighbourhood of Penjdeh, and assuming that her Asiatic provinces were practically denuded of troops to supply the first expeditionary corps for the descent upon India, her European and really reliable army in the Caucasus was placed in a far worse position for quick movement than the Anglo-Indian troops at Quetta.

In a word, the battle-ground was shifted from Herat and Kandahar to a vulnerable portion of Russian territory.

Lord Wolseley and Sir George White had other cards to play after winning the first coup.

The Commander-in-Chief at home, as a precautionary measure, communicated with Lord Roberts as to the state of affairs in France.

That gallant officer replied that he could do without reinforcements until after the approaching battle on the outskirts of Rouen, as the supports could not possibly reach him in time to be of any use in this engagement, and if things happened to his liking he thought the French would be satisfied until he was a little nearer Paris.

Over one half of the Third French Expedition, as it was called, was converted into a 5th Army Corps for attack upon Russia. Some 70,000 men were placed on board transports and sailed for Gibraltar. Of the Canadian troops 25,000 were diverted off Queenstown for the same destination, and a South African contingent of 15,000 men was also sent there by cabled instructions, which reached the commander at St. Helena.

A number of British ships left Gibraltar, and by way of preliminary, threatened Marseilles and Toulon.

It was consequently believed in France that all these preparations, which, in due course, became known foreboded a second invasion of the southern provinces, and Germany and Russia shared this view.

They were, however, all mistaken. When Lord Elgin cabled home the tidings of the battle of the Helmund Lord Wolseley, in conjunction with the Admiralty, issued orders to the following effect:

The strong fleet at Gibraltar, now nearly doubled in numbers by reason of the captured ships of the enemy having been hastily repaired, was to advance through the Mediterranean with the transports containing 110,000 home and colonial troops. The regiments at Malta and in Egypt were to be picked up en route, and the force must then pass the Dardanelles, with or without the consent of Turkey.

The Russian Black Sea fleet should be either captured or driven into Sevastopol and held there, whilst the expedition proper must proceed to and occupy Odessa, thence forcing its way along the Danube and seizing the railway to Tiraspol and Balta.

Contemporaneously with these events, a combined American and Canadian corps would cross the Pacific and attack Vladivostok, in Eastern Siberia, and preparations would rapidly be made for a determined assault upon St. Petersburg and the Neva by an Anglo-American naval and military force.

It will be seen that the words of a sporting subaltern were fully justified when he said that we were going to "serve it up hot for Russia."

Fortunately, Commandant Peyton was not embarrassed by any knowledge of the gigantic scope of the project of which he was such an integral factor.

He set about his business promptly and effectually.

Having accurately gauged the date of the encounter between Alikhanoff's host and the British, he ordered that all arrangements should be made for a forward movement on June 11th, to culminate on June 14th.

To do Vismes he assigned the command of the right attack, that is, upon Dushakh.

Rightly judging that this would be a vulnerable point by reason of a possible Russian advance from Merv and the Oxus, he sent two divisions, those of Adams and Hutchinson, to effect the capture.

He personally decided to be carried by bearers, so that he might fully recover from his fatigue, to the extreme left, at Kulun Kalassi, where he would lead the advance on Fort Poltawskoe, and thence strive to reach Kizil Arvat.

It would be necessary to travel in a litter night and day in order to gain Kulun Kalassi in time, and he dispatched mounted messengers to warn all the officers en route to meet him and discuss details.

Peyton was distinctly a man of action. He conferred with each of the remaining officers whom he had not seen at Mohammadabad, gave them their instructions, and, in case of success, told them to proceed to right or left, as the case might be, along the line to strengthen the two bases.

Rolling-stock and engines were to be carefully preserved, but, above and beyond all else, at the first note of danger, after the original design had been achieved, the line must be completely destroyed.

The two Mohammedan cavalry officers accompanied Peyton, and at midday on the 11th the little party reached Kulun Kalassi, where they found Captain Applin, of the 7th Bombay Infantry, expecting them.

This was the first contingent of his strange command that Peyton had time or opportunity to inspect, and he was immediately impressed with the marvellous effect which a few weeks of skilled European training had had upon the motley crew which he anticipated meeting.

Drawn up in five regiments of four squadrons each, the Goklan Turkomans, who composed this particular detach-

ment, constituted a really excellent body of irregular horse. They stood stolidly in their ranks as Peyton rode up and down their lines, proud of their unwonted steadiness and parade-like uniformity.

"How on earth did you get these chaps to obey you?" he said to Applin.

"Well, you see, I came here six weeks ago, and at once called a meeting of the elders. I lied like a Chinaman. I said that a great Jihad was to be declared against the Russians, who, by-the-way, drove this crowd out of Geok Tepe in Skobelev's time, and promised them plenty of bakshish and loot if they followed my advice. More than that, I gave their palms a liberal greasing at the start, and said that this was nothing to the treasure which would flow when the Queen came to see the Shah. And this is the result."

"It's all very well, Applin, for you to put it that way," said Peyton kindly; "but it is easy to see that you have almost worked miracles to lick them into such shape in so short a time. I only hope that every other man on the frontier has been as successful."

The younger officer flushed with pleasure at hearing these words from his senior.

Orders were given for an immediate start. When a moment's interval occurred for a monthful to eat Applin said:

"By-the-way, I've been out of the world for over two months. What's the favourite for the Derby?"

"Rothschild's horse, I believe."

"Good, I've backed him. It's time the blue jacket had a turn; and I've taken ten tickets in the Turf Club Lottery."

Applin's mind was now at ease. He had "got on" at a good price, so he devoted his energies with much cheerfulness towards assisting the downfall of Russia.

After a three days' march through the hills the force came within striking distance of Poltawskoe. The night of the 14th had been appointed as the time of the combined attack, if possible, at midnight.

Rissaldar Shah Nawaz Khan and Jemadar Musa Khan were detached at the head of a flanking party to the west, with orders to stop any train which might be proceeding towards Kizil Arvat, but not to interfere with one coming into the interior. They were also to prevent mounted messengers from reaching the next station on that side, Aschaman.

Precisely at twelve o'clock Peyton himself led the first squadron at the gallop into the station, and his first care was to unship the telegraph instrument.

At the same moment Applin dashed at the fort, where, beyond a mere scuffle, there was no fighting. The garrison, such as it was, consisting of a couple of elderly staff-officers and a few Russo-Turkomans, could not have been more unprepared for attack if a meteorite had fallen on top of them.

Within five minutes Peyton and Applin were expressing their astonishment at the completeness of the surprise, and whilst they were talking the whistle of an engine sounded across the desert.

They were standing in the station, and they compelled the station-master, under pain of instant death, to properly adjust the signals, whilst they disposed their men on both sides of the rails, there being no platforms, to capture the train when it drew up.

Here again the operation was simplicity itself.

The Russian engine-driver and native stoker were too astounded to do anything when Peyton jumped on to the engine. They were promptly seized and bound before they knew that an enemy was at hand.

The rest of the train contained, as it transpired, commissariat officials who had been conveying stores to Geok Tepe, Askabad and Merv.

In their amazement they blurted out all the information they were asked for. Both Peyton and Applin had difficulty in restraining the expression of their joyful surprise when they learned that the accumulations of months of secret preparation by Russia had fallen into their possession, if the attack had been similarly successful all along the line to Dushakh.

It seemed, too, that the rolling stock blocked the way, and it was with difficulty that two trains daily now traversed the system.

The Russians detailed these highly important facts without hesitation, apparently believing that refusal to answer would mean summary execution, and, indeed, it was with some difficulty that the British officers made their fierce followers understand that they must not strangle or behead every Russian they encountered.

A wild project now entered Peyton's head, and he in vain strove to repress it. Why, if a nominally fortified place merely requiring walking into in order to be at his mercy, should not the whole line be seized to its Caspian terminus?

At last he communicated the idea to Applin and the latter agreed that, unless unforeseen obstacles, such as the presence of a strong body of troops at Kizil Arvat or Usun-Ada, were encountered, two hundred men could do the job quite as efficiently as two thousand.

The outcome of their deliberations was that in a couple of hours' time Applin and a selected body of his levies started



He says: "You must buy me a 'bike.' For my next birthday, or—I'll strike! They are the best and cheapest like—All PEARSON'S."

in the train for the west, with the native stoker, bribed beyond his wildest dreams, acting as driver.

Not until thirty hours later did the train return, bearing the following note from Applin:

"After being nearly annihilated by those two Mohammedan ruffians you brought with you, I at last was able to make them understand that we, and not the Russians, were in possession of the train. They are useful fellows, so I took the liberty of bringing them along with me. I have captured no end of places whose names I can't remember. Kisil Arvat is one of them. My principal occupation was in kicking station-masters to make them comprehend the situation, and in unfixing telegraph instruments. I am now in Usun-Ada where I have seized fourteen fairly-sized steamers. It appears that every available man has gone with Alikhanoff, and the line has been given up entirely to transporting stores and ammunition prior to the arrival of the Grand Duke's army. If he puts in an appearance I am afraid that my 250 vagabonds won't last long. I would, therefore, suggest immediate reinforcements. Fortunately I got to the submarine cable office before any news was sent to Baku. I have found a native here who swears he will wire anything I tell him, and translate all messages received. I must trust him, because no news at the other end would be almost as bad as the actual facts. So I propose to amuse the Grand Duke a bit before the thing leaks out from the Bokharan side. By-the-way, I do believe they have no telegraph line northwards from the frontier except that which passes through here. If so, we are in luck. There are some Frenchmen in the employ of the Caspian Maritime Company, whose steamers I have seized, and they have given me no end of trouble. My cable expert says he can get some men to repair the telegraph line, and work the instruments. I am sending them back on a smaller train; they will put things straight as they go, and you may expect them some hours after you receive this."

Within three days Peyton, with 10,000 of his strange auxiliaries, was in Usun-Ada, and started constructing earthworks to defend the harbour, whilst Applin sent long messages to the Grand Duke Paul, detailing the magnificent progress made in the forwarding of stores, and imploring him to expedite the departure of everything but men, as the line was not ready for the passage of troops yet. Besides, there was no news from Alikhanoff.

At first de Vismes had an easy task at Dushakh. Taken unawares, like the rest of the scattered troops on the line, the few defenders of the post surrendered at the first onset, and for a couple of days de Vismes, and his able coadjutors, Adams and Hutchinson, were free to devote their whole time to consolidating their position.

Of course, the news of the raid soon spread from Tejend to Merv, Bokhara, and Samarkand; but beyond the latter point tidings travelled slowly. Applin's conjecture that there was no telegraph line north through the Amu Daria district was right.

Beyond the Oxus bridge, which is 280 miles from Dushakh, the Russian officers left by Alikhanoff to collect stores for the use of subsequent levies from Siberia, gathered together as large a force as they could muster, and conveyed them by train to Tejend. Sarakhs and Panjsh were also requisitioned for men from their already depleted garrisons, and at last, about June 18th, a desperate attempt was made to recapture Dushakh.

But the British officers, ten of whom were now on the spot, had not been idle.

They had 20,000 men present, and one half of these had been labouring day and night to throw up extensive lines of earthworks, whilst the remainder of the tribesmen had been rapidly initiated into the Boer method of warfare, being a judicious blending of prone marksmanship and rapid galloping towards or away from an enemy.

The nomads quickly perceived the advantages of steady shooting over their antiquated method of wild firing from the saddle. Long before Colonel Anitchkoff had brought his Bokharans and Siberians within range of the earthworks he had received most convincing testimony of the rapid progress made by these unexpected students in the art of warfare.

In place of being the attacker he was attacked, and his native allies were routed before he well knew what had happened.

He retired to Tejend and consolidated all his European troops, resolving to force the defences of Dushakh by their aid, and leave to his untrained auxiliaries the congenial task of pursuit.

Peyton had now arrived from Usun-Ada, and the best possible preparations were made to withstand the more determined assault which was made on the early morning of the 22nd.

The Russian skirmishers, consisting mainly of men from the 103rd regiment of the line, were not to be denied. They resolutely pushed the attack home, and Peyton saw, to his grief and dismay, that if once the entrenchments were carried, his host would begin to crumble away into nothingness.

The Turkomans were not cowards, but this manner of fighting was new to them. Were it not for the great gallantry displayed by de Vismes and the other Englishmen, the nomads would long before the end have been down to their horses and raced back to their hills across the desert.

Peyton, resolute in his despair, had made every arrangement for destroying the railway line, when his gaze was suddenly arrested by the sight of a cloud of horsemen coming up rapidly on the left rear of the Russian attack.

This, then, was the finish. If they had secured cavalry support, it was all over with his hillmen.

He had almost given the order to tear up some hundreds of yards of rails when he was restrained by a growing sense of amazement at the tactics of the approaching cavalry.

Why, they were charging the Russians! Were not those

British dragoons? Those streaming puggris were assuredly worn by Bengal Lancers?

There was, to all appearance, some midsummer madness about this astounding apparition. Dream, as the whole thing seemed to Peyton it was backed up by very tangible reality. This was Colonel Doyne's cavalry brigade which had reached its destination in the nick of time, to render the utmost service, after a superb march from the Helmund.

Regardless of danger from the scattering enemy Peyton rode wildly towards the British force.

Recognising Colonel Doyne, he shouted, without any preliminary salutation: "The train, the train!"

The brigadier followed Peyton's emphatic gesture and saw at once what he meant. Standing on the rails a couple of miles away were the engine and eight carriages which had conveyed Anitchkoff and his principal followers to the scene of action.

A squadron of the Royal Irish Lancers captured the complete stout in less than twenty minutes, and when Peyton had rapidly explained the great success of his advance on the Caspian, the brigadier detailed one hundred British and one hundred native troops for similar work on the eastern section of the line.

De Vismes was given command, and that night the long wooden bridge over the Oxus, stretching in rickety evenness over two miles of swamp, sand, and river, was ruined so completely that no train could possibly cross it during the next couple of months.

The way was now quite clear for Sir George White to effectually dispose his force between the Oxus and the Caspian.

During a lucid interval Captain Peyton said to the brigadier:

"Well, sir, I am glad to be able to hand over to you an army, such as it is, of 40,000 men, and stores for 400,000, together with a railway line and fourteen ships."

"What do you mean?" said Doyne, smiling and searching for a letter in his pocket-book.

"Of course you take command!" replied Peyton.

"Not so," said the other, handing him the letter he had sought for. "My orders are to co-operate with you; I command my cavalry."

The note was from the Commander-in-Chief. It ran: "Colonel Doyne has undertaken to give you this dispatch if he finds that you are still alive and have been successful in your mission. You are hereby brevetted to the field rank of colonel. If Captain de Vismes be with you he receives his majority, and the native officers who accompanied you are, if approved by you, raised to the next rank above that they now hold. Other rewards are reserved until I am more fully acquainted with your work."

Peyton did not speak for a moment. He turned his head and looked across the desert, whilst Colonel Doyne lit a cigarette.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER AGINCOURT.

"COMRADES," wrote Lord Roberts in a proclamation issued to the army on June 1st, "in the forthcoming battle with the French England demands our services under circumstances that have seldom, if ever before, occurred in her glorious history."

"We must, at all hazards, utterly rout and destroy the enemy."

"This is the crucial struggle of the campaign. The best troops of France are opposed to us. Their numbers far exceed our own, but I know that they cannot equal us in courage, in discipline, in every splendid quality that is found in the British soldier."

"To our hands are committed the destinies of our beloved country. Strong in that sacred trust, I feel in my heart that the issue is already determined. Let us resolve that, God willing, our confidence in victory shall be justified by the result. We must deal the enemy such a blow that the power of France will stagger helpless from our path."

The Commander-in-Chief would not have uttered these stirring words to his men had there not been desperate need for the display of that calm courage which reckons not of the chances of war.

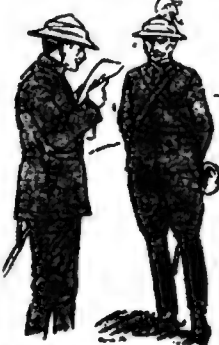
There were 400,000 British troops massed in two great armies of similar proportions on both sides of the Seine, in the pastoral valleys between Yvetot and Rouen.

Taught prudence by their previous experiences, the French commanders resolved that their next blow should be a decisive one. For a wonder, therefore, their national vanity was subordinated to the rigid necessities of the moment, and, beyond some trivial outpost affairs, no engagement was risked with the invaders until they had assembled such overwhelming forces that, under the ordinary conditions of warfare, they must succeed in hopelessly crushing the two sections of the British army.

On the north bank of the Seine General Saussier contemplated with the conscious pride of superiority, a superb army of 500,000 men, whilst, on the south, General Mercier commanded a well-equipped force of 450,000.

France had strained every nerve to place these phenomenal numbers rapidly in the field.

All bridges across the river had been blown up to a point



far below Yvetot; junction between the different portions of Lord Roberts' troops was rendered apparently impossible, without retreat or delay.

The former course meant a moral victory for the French; the latter they resolved to render impossible by delivering a concerted attack at dawn on June 2nd.

Like Trochu during the siege of Paris, General Saussier had his plan; like von Moltke, on the same memorable occasion, Lord Roberts also had a scheme, and it differed materially from that of Saussier.

During the afternoon of June 1st thirty-eight barges were towed up the Seine from a point below Yvetot, where willing hands had for some days past been engaged in fitting substantial level platforms upon them at a uniform height of 6ft. from the water.

Between the two wings of the British army nineteen roads led to the river, and at ten o'clock that night there were nineteen substantial floating bridges spanning the stream, in each locality where a crossing was practicable.

About the same hour General Massy, who now controlled the operations on the south side of the river, pushed some 10,000 men close up to the French lines—"Just to keep them awake," he explained to his staff—and whilst the French generalissimo marvelled at the audacity of the English in anticipating the attack of the morrow, the said English were quietly taking up the positions allotted to them on the extensive lines of the northern force.

Shortly before dawn the 10,000, who had made things exceedingly lively for the French in the dark, quietly withdrew, and when General Saussier was calmly drinking his morning coffee and glancing over the final arrangements for the attack, to commence at 5.30 a.m., it being then four o'clock, the actual disposition of his adversary was as follows:

Three miles in front of his position were 350,000 British. General Massy, with 50,000 men, was entrusted with the comparatively easy task of holding the river flank, whilst the barges, having served their purpose, were drawn up on the British bank of the stream and, by prior efficient design, now formed thirty-eight excellent floating batteries in the most exposed localities.

General Saussier did not know of these unexpected events, nor did he know, as he asked for a second cup of tea at that precise moment, the British were advancing to attack him.

Lord Roberts resolved, from the outset, to risk annihilation for the sake of complete success.

A partial or merely strategic victory would be a hollow defeat.

The superior French army lay crescent-shaped in front and almost overlapping him. He therefore sent the whole of his guns and cavalry to the extreme left with orders to irresistibly pound the French right until it was driven in upon the centre. He split up his forces into six divisions of ten brigades, and in each brigade there were 50,000 men. He personally kept at his immediate disposal eight additional brigades as a reserve.

Divisional commanders and brigadiers received the most precise instructions that they must each fight on their own line of advance without reference to proceedings elsewhere, and the only deviation from this definite plan would occur when the French right was obviously driven in, and concentration towards the Rouen road and the Seine should be aimed at.

In a simple phrase, the battle was fought as though the British troops were travelling along the radii of a fan, of which the French constituted the outer circumference. As the fight progressed the fan commenced to contract.

General Saussier finished his second cup of coffee that night in Paris.

He was about to complete his early breakfast when the sound of firing, rapidly growing in volume over a wide segment of the French front, startled him exceedingly.

A staff officer exclaimed: "This is an attack in force!"

"Impossible!" shouted the general. "They have impudence the most sublime, but surely not such as this!"

An aide-de-camp rode madly up to the house occupied by the Commander-in-Chief.

"My General," he cried, "the English have driven in the pickets, and the whole army is threatened."

"It is unbelievable!" roared the astonished Frenchman, rushing towards his charger. "Fly," he continued, addressing his staff, "to order a general advance, and telephone to Mercier to offer battle at once. We must drive these imbeciles into the sea forthwith."

(To be continued.)

MOTHER: "Baby has killed a bee with his fist."
FATHER: "Struck B flat, eh?"

YOUNG MAN (to servant): "Is Miss Clara engaged?"
SERVANT: "Hiven rist your sowl, I hope she is. She's in the parlour now wid a young man's arm around her waist."

FIRST DOG: "We'll be tied up every Thursday and Saturday nights now."
SECOND DOG: "What's up?"
FIRST DOG: "The new young man that comes to see Miss Susie has money."

MOTHER: "Why did ye strike my child for naething?"

TEACHER: "I struck him because he wouldn't tell me where the River Thames was. He only stood and looked at me."

MOTHER: "He wad be dumfounded at yer ignorance likely."

Now, on each month's first happy day,
We buy the MAGAZINE and say:
"Better than ever! Hip! Hurray!"—For PEARSON'S.

FICTION.

HER VOICE.

HEAVENLY as the murmur of the string,
Which sighs again beneath the bow's caress;
Sweet as the earliest breath of timid spring,
When brooks and breezes wake to joyfulness.
Sweet as the ocean's endless harmony,
Where restless breakers fret the idle sand;
Or song of bird, which worship new-born day,
Songs which we love, but cannot understand.
Oh, man; oh, piteous, vulgar clod of clay,
Her voice—I must confess—my pen be steady—
Has sounded sweetest when I heard her say,
In angel accents: "Dear, the dinner's ready!"

SPRING.—Somebody (we cannot recall his name at the moment) once set forth in verse, that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. It does not do anything of the kind.

Spring is precisely the season of the year when men, whether young or old, never think of making love. This is due to a variety of causes. In spring no less than seventy-eight per cent. of girls residing in the so-called temperate zone have colds in the head. The young man who calls to see a girl at this season is either told that she is not at home, or he is admitted to gaze on watery eyes and a ruddy nose, and to listen to wailings concerning the discomfort of a "gold in the head."

Obviously, a girl in such a condition does not attract the fancy of any discriminating young man. The flame of love can be easily snuffed out in early spring, or a mere handkerchief can extinguish it.

Spring being thus what might be called, after the manner of sporting men, a close season for girls, it is the most unpropitious of all seasons for love-making. Not only is it untrue that in the spring the fancy of young men turns girlward, but, in point of fact, there are other objects which inevitably attract masculine fancy.

One of these is the subject of clothing. The young man cannot make up his mind whether on any given day he should wear a heavy overcoat or a light overcoat. If he wears the former, he is sure to be uncomfortably warm, and if he wears the latter, he inevitably takes cold. Hence, there is a constant struggle in his mind, a feverish uncertainty which cannot fail to banish all thoughts of love.

No man can use the language of affection with any success while he is suffering from too warm clothing, and still less can he manage to please a fastidious woman when his mind is preoccupied with the conviction that he has certainly taken cold and that pneumonia is about to claim him as its own. It is true that conversation between the sexes may be carried on in spring, but its subject-matter is usually the efficacy of mustard-plasters, or the comparative value of chlorate of potash and alum as remedies for sore throat.

Then, with the advent of spring most young men are brought face to face with the problem how to pay for a spring suit of clothes. Surely there is no more dangerous foe of love than the tailor's bill.

HUNTING THE SOAP.—The other morning, while Mr. Brown was washing his hands, the cake of soap slipped out of his fingers, and, striking the wall, flew down behind the wash-stand.

Mr. Brown immediately got on all fours, and laid his head on the floor to see where the soap was. It was right against the wall, and about as far from one side of the wash-stand as the other.

When Mr. Brown began to reach under with his arm, he found he could not get half-way to the soap, because he was on his knees, and his back was almost broken, and a sharp pain ran up his neck, and he felt as if he had been digging potatoes all day.

And then he lay on his chest as though swimming, and thrust his arm fiercely under and took off about half-a-yard of skin. This caused Mr. Brown to foam at the mouth and say to himself:

"By gracious! This is a test case, and I am going to see if a cake of soap can beat me, if I have to stay home from business all day, and break the wash-stand up into the bargain!"

So Mr. Brown rolled over on his back and thrust his arm under as cautiously as though there was a wasp's nest under the wash-stand. On, on it went, and Mr. Brown smiled a little smile that had every possible symptom of victory in it.

By this time his throat was full of dust off the carpet, and he coughed frequently. But now his finger—the very end of his finger—touched the soap, and that momentary touch vibrated through his soul like a gentle benediction, and caused a fresh crop of smiles to float as softly over his features as does the summer zephyr across a field of bearded wheat.

Then Mr. Brown turned on his side to see the soap that he might grab it; but when he got on his side his reach was shortened and he couldn't touch the soap. Then he turned over on his back, and felt the soap again,

and attempted to grab it. In doing this, he only sent the soap flying farther back, and out of reach.

In an ecstasy of rage, he thought he might get the soap by making a desperate crack at it with his hand, and knocking it out on the floor. So he hauled off and let fly as hard as he could, and his hand missed the soap and flew round like a compass, and struck the stone paperweight that was acting in the place of the leg that was gone.

Before he could count how many fingers had been knocked out of joint, he discovered that the paperweight had been driven against the wall by the force of the blow.

Ere he could utter the words that were on the end of his tongue, the wash-stand tilted and upset the basin of water on him, and while the water was in his eyes and ears, the basin followed and lay on his stomach like a tombstone, and pretty near knocked the breath out of him.

Before he could express himself, although there were about four thousand words inside of him struggling to get out, the drawers flew out, and emptied a lot of tooth-powder and razors and lathering-brushes on him. Then the doors of the wash-stand flew open, and raised a couple of lumps on him that he will carry about for several weeks to come.

Here Mrs. Brown suddenly opened the door against Mr. Brown's head and said:

"Why in the world don't you come down? The breakfast is getting cold."

"—?? —!! —??! —!!!!" replied Mr. Brown, as he sat up and ran his fingers through his hair, to get out the razors and lathering-brushes.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

"I want to get that cake of soap out from under the wash-stand."

"All right," said the wife, and thereupon simply lifted the washstand out from the wall, picked up the soap, and tossed it to her husband.

And in his rage he banged the soap down on the floor and then put his heel on it to crush it. But it would not be crushed. It simply flew from under Mr. Brown's heel, and landed him on the floor so hard, that some of the fillings were knocked out of his teeth.

And at the breakfast table he had not a word to say, but felt the keenest humiliation, and secretly watched the clock and longed for the hour for his departure to business to arrive.

TEACHER: "James, what is the shortest day of the year?"

James (from experience): "The day your father promises to give you a beating 'fore you go to bed."

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.—Ardent Lover: "If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly—"

Up-to-Date Girl (producing camera): "I intended to see it, James. Sit still, please."

"You don't object to a contributor dropping into poetry once in a while, I presume?" said the caller with an affable smile.

"Certainly not, sir. Sit down," replied the editor, pushing the waste-paper basket towards him.

WIGGLES: "Do you know old Walker?"

Waggles: "Yes."

Wiggles: "What sort of a man is he, anyway?"

Waggles: "Well, if he wanted to marry my mother-in-law, I shouldn't have the least objection."

"I'm goin' to tell my daddy of you," said little Willie, as the blacksmith was paring some shavings from the horse's hoofs. "Why, what have I done?" asked the blacksmith. "You haven't got any shoes to fit Dobbin, an' you're cutting his feet small to suit those you have got."

A FARMER, who had come to London for the first time to see the Agricultural Show, was walking along Oxford Street, filling his pipe, when a match-boy came up to him with the usual "Lights, sir!" The farmer took a box from the boy, extracted a match, lit his pipe, and handed the box back to the astonished lad, passing on with the remark: "Lor, what a wunnerful place Lunnun is, to be sure!"

READERS ABROAD, NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

TAKE notice that we are offering substantial prizes, one of £5 5s., another of a year's subscription to this paper, and twenty-five consolation prizes, for the most interesting fact—fact social—fact political—fact botanical, or fact of any description—concerning the country in which you happen to reside. To be written on one side of the paper; not to exceed 200 words in length; to reach this office before June 30th.

FACTS.

TALL men live longer than short ones.

IN China the cockroach is regarded with sacred awe.

THE ropes on a first-class man-of-war cost about £3,000.

IN Italy thirty persons out of 10,000 die by the assassin's knife.

THE number of languages and dialects spoken in the world amounts to 3,064.

THERE are forty-four entries under the name of Alfred Austin in the catalogue of the British Museum.

EXPOSURE to sunlight is one of the best disinfectants for clothing known. The light passing through glass will not do.

THE English working-man has 278 working days in the year; the American, 308; the Hungarian, 312; the Russian, 267.

IN Germany a merchant was recently fined heavily for using a quotation from the Bible at the head of an advertisement.

THE first muffs were made for the use of doctors to keep their fingers soft and warm, that they might accurately feel the pulse of their patients.

SOME of the most successful fruit growers in California are women. Two women, mother and daughter, derive an income of £600 a year by cultivating thirty acres of prune trees.

THE discovery has been made that the effect of thunder or the firing of cannon on pheasants is very curious. Either of these sounds starts the cock birds crowing as if in defiance.

COUNTERFEIT sovereigns and shillings are now made of electro-plated iron. The false coins will not bend, and, standing either of the ordinary tests, are successfully passed in considerable numbers.

ADMIRALS and generals are of equal rank, but the former take the precedence in cases where two officers belonging to each grade meet together, the navy being considered the most distinguished service.

THE landau in which M. Carnot received his death blow still remains at the Hotel de Ville at Lyons. A curiosity-seeking Englishman recently offered £10,000 for the carriage, but his bid was promptly refused.

THE smallest city in the world is the miniature place known as Steward City, Alaska, U.S.A., its three inhabitants being respectively Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and President of the Common Council.

THERE is a considerable scarcity of Cuban cedar for cigar boxes since the outbreak of the revolution in that country. A good substitute, and one often used, however, is lumber wool, which is dyed to the popular colour.

THE struggle as to which capital shall have the largest, the best, and the most beautiful hotel is between London and New York. Ours, the Cecil, will be finished before the Astor, or New York, with its 1,200 rooms, has been begun. The Astor Hotel is to be built of steel.

A CURIOUS application has been found for the old Confederate money used by the Southern States during the late war in America. Edison has found that it makes the best carbon for incandescent lamps. The paper upon which it was engraved was made from the pulp of sea grass, which has since become a dead art.

A DROLL match at billiards was played recently at one of the West-end clubs. One player was attired in a full suit of armour and wore on his hands ten Berlin wool gloves, the other wore boxing-gloves. The game was one thousand up, each player giving the other nine hundred and eighty. The man with the "mittens" won.

IT is a somewhat singular fact that the rarest of all noses is that found where one would naturally expect to find it—in the middle of the face. Taking 100 heads at random, one will not find, on an average, more than three in which the bridge of the nose descends perpendicularly from a straight line drawn exactly between the eyes.

KISSES have a market price at Nagymary, in Hungary. A strange old custom is in use there on St. Joseph's Day, and a few days following. The young women who have been married within the past twelve months assemble in the market place and offer themselves to be kissed by gentle and simple, indifferently, at so much money per kiss. The prices are exceedingly modest, the lowest being 4d., and the highest 1s. 8d.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £3,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to Mr. Edw. 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with the Company against Fatal Railway Accidents to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 663.
General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

SHORT STORIES, serial stories, too.
We read them all, and through and through,
They're always bright, and always new—They're PEARSON'S.

PHOTO FACTS.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE CAMERA.
No. 2.

WHEN a dark room has been fitted up, the next and most important subject for consideration is the choice of apparatus.

To a great extent, of course, the available spare cash will determine what class of apparatus we intend to buy, because we may spend as little as one guinea or as much as one hundred guineas on absolutely the same sized instrument. In choosing apparatus the first question asked by the dealer is: "What size is it to be, sir?"

The usual photographic sizes are as follows:

4½ by 3½ in. or quarter-plate.	8½ by 6½ in. or whole plate.
5 by 4 in.	10 by 8 in.
6½ by 4½ in. or half-plate.	13 by 10 in.
7½ by 5 in.	15 by 12 in.

These sizes are the actual dimensions of the sensitive plate or the resultant print, therefore it is advisable to rule out on a big sheet of paper the different sizes, and choose that which seems the most desirable.

But in doing this there are several considerations which we ought to bear in mind. The first cost in photography is not the last and not always the least; as the size of the plate increases so does the cost of the necessary printing papers, frames, dishes, chemicals, etc., and the increased cost of the plates and printing papers becomes in the end a very serious item.

Then, again, we must consider what we intend to photograph; if, as it is only natural to assume, the camera will be used as a pleasant, though silent, companion on a holiday tour, weight will be an important item. Speaking from personal experience, I can say that trudging fourteen or twenty miles under a broiling August sun with an outfit weighing between thirty and forty pounds, makes photography almost a toil, unless one is a rabid enthusiast.

For the cyclist, a small camera is decidedly preferable, too, though possibly the combination of cycling with photography enables one to carry a heavier weight than would otherwise be pleasant. On the other hand, large cameras are bulky, and are difficult to neatly stow away on a cycle; particularly a safety. For ladies—unless, of course, they happen to have a convenient brother, their own or somebody else's, to act as light porter—a small camera is advisable.

Taking one consideration with another, I plump for a small camera, and the humble quarter-plate—4½ by 3½. Negatives obtained with this can be readily made into lantern slides, and thus enable us to wile away many a long winter evening for ourselves or friends; or they can be enlarged to whole plate—10 by 8 or 15 by 12—and in this form adorn our walls, windows, and house generally.

Do not buy 5 by 4 or 7½ by 5; they are a little unusual, and it is frequently difficult to obtain plates of this size at out-of-the-way country towns. Above all things do not buy a hand camera to start photography with. I admit the temptation is very great, for our illustrated magazines and journals teem with snapshots, more or less good, generally less. We meet in the streets, on the seashore, at race meetings, and everywhere, men, and ladies, too, with neat-looking little boxes; we hear a small click, and the jubilant expression, "I've got it," and we either feel a strong temptation to smash the snapshotter and his box if we are "got," or else wish we could get it if it was somebody else's.

Hand camera work looks so easy and simple. It's so nice to carry a little box about, and take poor unsuspecting victims unawares, and then hold them up for show later on; but to turn out good work with a hand camera is not quite so easy as it looks.

Another little piece of advice to beginners. Never buy secondhand apparatus unless you have some expert photographic friend to examine and report on the same. I would not for one moment wish to stigmatise all those who sell secondhand apparatus as rogues and vagabonds, only a great deal of apparatus is sold secondhand which is either seriously damaged, or else has developed some defect.

The ordinary camera consists essentially of a base-board, with a front for the lens, connected by bellows with a back frame which carries a piece of ground glass, technically called the focussing screen. The bellows may either be conical and tapering, or else square, and the latter shape is preferable, although it necessitates a little extra weight; not much though.

The pull or stretch of the bellows—that is the greatest extent to which they can be extended—should never be less than twice the longer base of the plate, which for quarter-plate will obviously be eight and a half inches; never accept less than this. With all good cameras it is generally more; about ten inches for this size.

The focussing cloth, which is placed over the camera and head to enable one to see the image on the ground glass, should be of a decent size; a yard square is not too large. The material may be either velvet, or its substitute, velvetene, black serge, but preferably maokin-tooth cloth, which, in case of a shower, will serve as a protection to the camera from the wet. Have a button and loop of elastic sewn on the cloth, so as to keep it securely round the camera. This will be found a convenience in a high wind.

The stand, tripod or legs, is fairly well-known in shape, at least, even to those who do not practice photography, and, as its synonym implies, is three legs fastened to a triangle top or head. This has given rise to a well-worn

riddle: "Why is a photographer not a human being?" The answer being: "Because he has five legs and a human being only two."

In choosing a stand, make the dealer set it up, and then measure it for height. Remember that your eye must be about three or four inches above the top of the stand to focus, and, if you are six foot in your socks, to have to stoop to about four feet is back-breaking work. The stand should be of such a height that when the camera is screwed in its place you can comfortably see the ground glass.

Having the stand set up, place your hand firmly on the top and give it a twist sideways; if it twists with the hand, don't buy it. Also give it a good hard slap or two on the top; if it vibrates very much, reject it, because it will be rickety and spoil many a plate in work. Then always reject the bare metal tops or heads; I think they were invented by a man who made cameras and who knew how they scored and scratched the baseboard. If of metal the head should always be covered with leather, but wooden heads covered with cloth are preferable.

Another good point in stands is that the stretch of the legs at the top should be as large as possible; that is to say the section of the triangle they form should be as large as possible. Never be beguiled into buying ball and socket heads, nor metal stands; if tubular and sliding, they rust or get dented and provoke more hard swearing than anything else, as then they either refuse to shut or refuse to open.

The legs may be either in two, three, or four sections. One of the two latter forms is preferable, as they shut up smaller; but whichever kind is chosen see that the lowest section has a sliding motion, and can be firmly fixed at any length. This enables you to adjust the stand on uneven ground.

Now for the case. The camera requires a case for protection while travelling. Manufacturers will, of course, try and sell you a solid leather one; they look nice, are stronger, are heavier, and cost more money, whilst one of waterproof canvas will do all you want, weigh about half, and cost one-third of the other.

A square camera case is a nuisance; as you carry it, it knocks against your legs and generally gets in the way, whereas a narrow oblong one is far more convenient.

For touring, a knapsack to carry on the back is the best, or else a long strap should be obtained with which the case can be slung round the body. A case for the legs is a refinement I have not yet reached. I am never ashamed of carrying them, and no one else need be.

(No. 3 will appear in a fortnight's time.)

A HINT TO BORES,

Two gentlemen who were playing cards at the Prince of Wales' club recently were very much annoyed by other members who stood behind their chairs and interested themselves in the game. Finally one of the players asked one of the spectators to play the hand for him until he returned.

The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were.

"They are playing cards in the next room," was the waiter's reply.

FACTS ABOUT A FANATIC.

THE present operations in the Soudan recall to the minds of most of us the name and deeds of that irrepressible fanatic, Osman Digma, whose capabilities as a general were proved to us with such disastrous results during the Soudan campaign in the early eighties. Osman's father was a Turkish trader. Osman himself, in partnership with his brother Ahmed, carried on a large slave-trading concern, with headquarters at Suakim, and branches at Khartoum, Berber, Kassala, and other large cities in North-eastern Africa, until bad speculation, business rivalry, and the capture by British cruisers of several slave dhows sent the firm into bankruptcy.

In 1883 Osman disappeared into the interior, and the next heard of him was his appointment by the Mahdi to the Emirate of the Eastern Soudan. His first step on attaining this dignity was to rouse all the tribes in the neighbourhood of Kassala and besiege Suakim, cutting the communication between this town and Berber, and thus blocking the shortest route into the Soudan.

For seven years Osman continued to harass and besiege Suakim, during which time he inflicted a disastrous defeat on Baker Pasha's force at El Teb; but was ultimately obliged to fall back on Omdurman.

When, on his return in 1887 with a largely-increased force, he found it impossible to take Suakim, he established himself at Tokar, out of which he was driven with great loss by the Egyptian Government in 1891. For this reverse the Khalifa ordered him into retirement at Adaramah, from whence he has issued in the attempt to redeem his reputation.

Osman was one of the most fanatical adherents of the Mahdi, whose personality and method of living he imitated to the minutest possible detail. He wore no covering to his feet, and always walked except during exceptionally long marches, in the belief that, as the Mahdi deigned to touch the earth with his bare feet he thereby sanctified it.

THE PARASOL ANT.

THE greatest known curiosity of insect life, so far as habits are concerned at least, is to be found in the queer "parasol" or "umbrella" ant.

The common name by which the creature is known has been bestowed because of a queer habit this species of ant has of stripping certain kinds of trees and shrubs of their foliage and carrying the leaves to their nests.

An army of these ants which have been off on a foraging expedition present the queerest sight imaginable as they march in long columns by twos, fours, and sixes, each holding the stem of a leaf in its jaws, the leaf itself shading the little insect's body like a parasol over the face and shoulders of a lady.

The early naturalists imagined that these ants carried leaves for the sole purpose of protecting themselves against the rays of the tropical sun, but recent investigation shows that they have another use for the bits of green they gather. The leaves, according to our authority, are only wanted as soil upon which to grow certain species of fungi, which the parasol ant is very fond of. The agricultural investigator mentioned above gives a detailed account of his observations at a parasol ant's nest, where fungus growing appears to have been the chief industry.

A VERY HONEST COAL DEALER.

MR. BLACK, the eminent and wealthy coal dealer, called one of his oldest drivers into the office the other morning and tendered him a large sum of money.

"What is this for?" asked the astonished driver.

"Merely a token of appreciation for services rendered," replied Mr. Black kindly.

"But you're always paid me well for my services, and that was appreciation enough."

"There is really more than that in it, John," continued Mr. Black, "I really owe you the money."

"I don't understand."

"Let me tell you," and he dropped his voice to a whisper. "You have been with me for twenty years, working 300 days every year, and averaging three loads a day; that makes 18,000 loads. You weigh 150 lb., John, and we have never failed to weigh you with every load, that makes 2,700,000 lb., or 1,200 tons. This at an average of £1 per ton, John, represents £1,200, of which 10 per cent. we think is yours by right. We are honest men, John, and don't desire to defraud anybody out of what is justly his."

John bowed in humble submission, and is now waiting for the next dividend.

WHEN WERE LOCKS INVENTED?

WHEN were locks first used? The earliest obtainable information points to the time of the Pharaohs; for instance at Karnak the visitor is shown the sculptured representation of a lock which is almost exactly like the kind of lock used in Egypt at the present day. But that is a very vague answer to the question.

Homer tells us that Penelope used a brass key to open her wardrobe; he adds that it was very crooked and had an ivory handle. A Greek writer who lived in the last half of the 12th century explains that such keys were undoubtedly very ancient, although still to be seen in Constantinople and elsewhere.

These keys were simply for drawing back the bolt or bar which ran into a staple across the door, or for pulling out the pin which "locked" the bolt. If we examine the mechanism of all the earlier locks we find that it is in itself sufficient to secure the bolt without the aid of a key to move something; in other words, the locking was done automatically, the key being required only for the purpose of unlocking.

Roman locks, like the Egyptian, required a partial sliding of the key; they were however more intricate. The pins which held the bolt were close together and of various shapes—some round, others square. The key had to be turned a quarter of a circle before it reached the pins. Padlocks also came into use, for securing merchandise to be carried from one place to another, and it is worth mentioning that we can see at the present time in some of the countries of the Far East padlocks made on the exact principle of those employed in Ancient Rome.

It was some time afterwards ere the projections called "wards" were invented. This was a distinct improvement, as it prevented unlocking by any but the right key.

Various ornamental designs are observable on mediæval German lock cases; while in the seventeenth century we have the "letter lock" (so called because, in order to open it, certain letters on a series of exterior rings had to be arranged into a word or combination to which corresponding rings inside the lock had been set), and some elaborate designs in keys which are quite in keeping with the revival of art.

Regnier, a French engineer who acquired considerable reputation towards the close of the last century, produced some very ingenious keyless locks, to open which outside knobs, etc., had to be turned to certain marks. The principle of the lever lock was the invention of Barron in 1774.

HOME COOKERY, my wife declares,
Believes her mind of half its cares,
Our dinners must needs be good, she swears—From PEARSON'S.

TOO QUICK FOR HER.

THE following amusing story is told of Queen Margaret of Italy. She recently arrived in a town where great preparations had been made to do her honour.

The mayor was at hand to escort her to the room where luncheon was served, but the Queen declined to eat anything, saying that all she needed was a glass of water and a sandwich.

At the end of this frugal repast she was about to take her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe her lips, when the mayor, misinterpreting her action, bowed respectfully and said:

"Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. I can assure you the lunch is paid for."

EATING IN AN OVEN.

SOME years ago a Spaniard named Martines gave one of the most extraordinary exhibitions on record. It was at the New Tivoli, in Paris, in the presence of an audience of scientific men, who have placed its genuineness beyond doubt. A large oven had been heated by a furnace for several hours.

This the Spaniard entered, clothed in flannel trousers and shirt, a large cloak of the same material, and a felt sombrero. He sang a song while a fowl was roasted by his side, and at the end of fifteen minutes came out again, the temperature registered being between 292 degrees and 312 degrees Fahr., or about 100 degrees above the temperature of boiling water.

He entered the oven a second time, and ate the fowl which had been roasted beside him. After a short pause he was shut in, lying on a board surrounded by candles. After a while the audience raised a cry of "Enough!"

The door was opened, the oven was found to be full of a noxious, suffocating odour of boiling tallow—the sole survival of the candles. The Spaniard came out, and after a cold bath was well and strong. His pulse, when the door was first opened, beat 176 to the minute.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S STICK.

AMONG the many anecdotes of Mr. Chamberlain, an amusing one was once told by a gentleman on his return from his first visit to Birmingham.

Some years ago he had heard a great deal about the wonderful oratorical powers possessed by the present Colonial Secretary, and being anxious to hear and judge for himself, paid an early visit to Screwtown.

Next to him at a meeting sat an elderly, hard-featured, solemn-faced man, who was leaning with both hands on the heavy stick which he eyed with great concentration of gaze, scarcely lifting his eyes from his absorbed contemplation of it.

Some of the stranger's attention was riveted upon the speaker who had opened the day's discourse. The wonderful command of language which he possessed, combined with his eloquence of style and the peculiarity of his manner, excited the listener's curiosity to a great degree. "Can you tell me who is speaking now?" he asked eagerly, turning to the sober-faced old man beside him.

"Who's speaking now?" echoed the old man, lifting his eyes from the contemplation of the stick to fix them in contemptuous amazement upon his interlocutor. "That, sir, is the great Joe Chamberlain, and I'm holding his stick."

CHAMPAGNE CORKS.

"WHEN you pull a champagne cork the anticipation of the sparkling beverage gives you but little time to consider just how important the cork is," said a prominent cork manufacturer. "A champagne cork is the most expensive made. You will probably be surprised when I tell you they cost from 3½d. to 5d. each. To keep champagne in good condition the cork must be as near perfect as possible. So it is that they are cut by hand from the best quality of Catalonia wood.

"The utmost care is taken in the selection of the wood, and even after the corks are cut another sorting process is gone through. Then, by chemical means, the corks are tested to see if they can be relied upon to do the particular work of tightly fastening champagne bottles. The manufacturer must learn for a certainty whether the corks are perfect or not before they are permitted to be put on the market.

"Of course, you find some bad corks in champagne bottles, but their defects are either passed over through carelessness, or develop after the bottle is corked.

"Cork growers have to wait thirty years for a cork tree to grow before he gets the first stripping. This is rough, coarse, and wholly unfit for use.

"Then the cork grower has to wait another eight or ten years before he can strip again. This time he gets a cork which is almost unfit for manufacture. For another eight or ten years the patient cork-grower folds his arms until he gets his third crop. Not until this crop is obtained does he have a marketable article. It will be seen that this business of cork growing requires time."

DRIVING EXPRESS TRAINS.

THE general public has no idea what driving the engines of express trains means. It is no exaggeration to say that while the train is running the driver's whole life is in his work, and that he has no time to think of anything else but his signal ahead.

An express train often travels at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and then signals will be passed every four minutes, and it can readily be understood that an engine travelling at that high rate of speed will require constant attention.

The strain on a man's mind working an engine a long distance without stopping is very great, and could not be endured for many hours together; besides it would not be safe for an engine to travel more than a hundred and eighty miles without being examined, and that distance is about the maximum any engine runs on one journey.

Two such journeys is a good day's work for both man and engine. The average time on duty for the men is nine hours a day, beyond which they are paid overtime. When they are not running, their time is devoted to overhauling the engine.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"AREN'T you a fortune teller?" bluntly inquired a gentleman the other day as he entered rooms occupied by a woman who had a sign on the door reading: "Clairvoyant."

"I read the past and future, and give advice in business troubles; charges to gentlemen half-a-crown," was the reply.

"That's all right. The charges are reasonable enough," he continued quickly; "it's not my own fortune I want told, but it's my wife's. She'll be down this afternoon, and I want to pay you something in advance," and he laid half-a-sovereign on the table, and, after giving an accurate description of his better half, continued: "It wouldn't be healthy for my wife to go to the sea this summer; the fates decree that she would be drowned while bathing. She's undoubtedly going to have a fortune left her in a few years, and, therefore, she ought to be economical now, so she will be in a better position to lord it over me when she handles the cash. I think it would improve her complexion to stay at home and do her own work, etc. You understand, don't you? Do your work well, and you will hear from me again," and he left as abruptly as he came.

THE MOTIONLESS TIGER.

NOW and then a soldier has been found kneeling on the battlefield as if about to take aim at the enemy, but stone-dead. A bullet in the brain had converted him into a statue of himself. Captain Forsyth, in his "Highlands of Central India," tells of a similar effect produced by an explosive shell on a tiger.

The captain, while in the howdah of his trained elephant, hunting a tiger, saw the beast, crouching under a bush on the bank of a ravine. He took a steady aim, and fired a three-ounce shell at the tiger's broad forehead.

To his surprise, for the distance was but thirty yards, there was no result. Not a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot.

He rode round a quarter of a circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, but looking intently in the same direction. Growing more and more amazed, the captain rode up nearer, with his rifle at full cock—but the tiger did not move. Then he caused the elephant to kick the beast. The tiger fell over. He was stone-dead. The shell had struck him full in the centre of the forehead, burst in his brain, and killed him instantly.

BETTER LOOKING THAN HERSEL'.

A CLYDE skipper tells the following story: "Two young lassies, cousins frae the West o' Skye, were ta'en into service in an inn at Gairloch. Baith o' them were good-looking lassies, but one o' them just unusual handsome.

"Well, there happened to come to the inn an English tourist—a maist respectable old gentleman, and it was one o' thae two lassies—an' no the brawest either—that had to wait on him; but he was a friendly auld man, and on the mornin' o' his gaein' awa' he had to ring for somethin' or ither.

"When she brought it to him he said to her, just by way of compliment, ye ken: 'You are a very good-looking girl, do you know, Flora?'

"Of course the lassie was pleased, but she was a modest lassie, too, and she said: 'Oh, no, sir; but I hef heard them say my kassin' was peautiful.' 'Your what?' said he. 'My kassin', sir.'

"Get away, you bold hussy! Off with you at once, or I'll ring for your master, you brazen baggage! And to this very day the pair lass doesna ken what on earth it was that changed the old man into a madman; for what harm had she done in tellin' him that her cousin was better looking than hersel'?"

ROUND THE WORLD BY AN ENGLISH ROUTE.

DID you ever realise that you can go round the world, and never set foot in any land that does not belong to Britain?

If you map out the following route on an atlas of the world you will see that it is easily done: From England to Halifax; to Victoria by way of the Canadian Pacific; across the Pacific to Hong Kong, stepping there on the English reservation.

Thence to Singapore, Penang, the island of Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, and home to England. Or from Penang you can go to Ceylon, and home through the Suez Canal, touching on the way at Aden, Perim, Malta, and Gibraltar.

MARRIED OR SINGLE.

ONE of the ways of telling whether a man is a married man or not is to examine his pockets. In the pockets of a bachelor you will find:

Half-a-dozen letters from girls.

A tailor's bill.

Three or four old checks for theatre seats.

Bills for supper.

Theatrical-looking photographs.

A lot of invitations to dances, dinners, and receptions.

A tiny glove scented with violet.

But the married man's pocket will contain:

An old bill.

A couple of unposted letters which were given him to post a week past.

A sample of impossible shade which he must match.

A newspaper clipping telling of a sure cure for croup.

A shopping list ranging from a box of blacking to three yards of lace.

Bills.

More bills.

A NEW BATH.

NOT content with the proposition to carry sea-water so far inland as London, an ingenious individual has recently taken out a patent for what he is pleased to call a "surf" bath. This bath appears to be constructed somewhat on the lines of the ordinary cradle. Any movement of its equilibrium causes it to rock freely. One end curves upwards so that it comes over the bather's head, and the other end is also covered over to a certain extent. This double precaution makes it impossible for the water to be discharged on the floor as the bather rocks to and fro.

This he may do with whatever degree of energy happens to please him. He may churn the water, in fact, into as angry a surface as he likes; he is his own Neptune, so to speak. The idea is particularly attractive. When you are in a nervous and reckless mood you step into your wave bath—requiring not more than two pitchers of water—and call into existence a little storm, in accordance with your mental and moral condition. On the other hand, if your mood is placid and dreary, you may simulate in your wave-tub the gentle rippling of the tideless Mediterranean on a fine day. Thus we gain at once the benefits of physical exercise with those of cleanliness. The exercise obtained is nearly as good as riding on horseback, or, at all events, as equally tiring as keeping one's seat on a rocking-horse.

WHAT IS DYNAMITE?

DYNAMITE is the most deadly weapon of modern criminals against society. It is a combination of nitro-glycerine with a plastic kind of clay. In appearance it somewhat resembles putty, and is made up into cartridges, each weighing about two ounces. The manufacture of dynamite is attended with some risk, but when once made, if the ingredients are pure, it is comparatively harmless so long as it is kept apart from the materials which are used to explode it.

It is commonly supposed that the transportation of dynamite is very dangerous, but it is far less so than gunpowder. A wooden packing-case filled with the explosive has been set on fire, the only result being a burst of dynamite flame.

Boxes filled with dynamite have been thrown from great heights, and cans loaded with dynamite have been smashed in railway collisions without an explosion.

Commonly, the destructive properties of dynamite are brought into play only by means of a detonating cartridge. In blasting rocks with dynamite, the dynamite cartridges are first pressed into a hole, and over them is inserted another kind of cartridge, called the primer.

This cartridge contains a "detonator," which is a copper cap an inch long, holding a small charge of fulminate powder. To this primer is attached a fuse, and when the fuse burns down to the fulminate in the detonator it explodes; and this, in turn, fires the dynamite and shatters the rock. If the detonator is set with more than three-fourths of its length in the dynamite, the fuse may set fire to the latter and burn it away harmlessly before the fulminate is reached and exploded. This accounts for many unsuccessful attempts to blow up buildings.

How can we help our trusty friend,
The editor, his fame extend,
And benefit ourselves no end?—Buy PEARSON'S.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.
ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

When Carving Salmon and all short grained fish cut it lengthwise, using a broad fish-slice to avoid breaking the flakes.

To Clean a Copper Steeple scour it with two parts of sand to one part of salt. Mix both well together before using.

Cook Watercress like Spinach, and you will hardly know the difference. The advantage is that the former is often cheaper and more easily procured than the latter.

A Good Washing Fluid is made by mixing equal quantities of ammonia and turpentine. Two tablespoonsful of this mixture put into a copper in which clothes are boiled has an excellent result.

Home-made Baking-Powder. Quarter of a pound of tartaric acid, quarter of a pound of carbonate of soda, half a pound of ground rice. Pass all these ingredients three times through a wire sieve and place in a tin or bottle for use.

A Glue for Joining Cardboard, paper, etc., is made by dissolving shellac in boiling water and boiling it with borax. I think that you will find one ounce of shellac, with the same quantity of borax, boiled in one pint of water, will answer your purpose. (Reply to TITMOUSE.)

When Cooking New Potatoes wash them first well, and rub off the skins with a coarse cloth. Have some boiling water in a saucepan, plunge the potatoes into it, add a little salt, and boil till tender. The boiling will take from twenty minutes to half-an-hour, according to the size. Directly the potatoes are cooked drain off the water and let them stand at the side of the fire to dry. Place in a hot dish, with a good-sized piece of butter, scatter chopped parsley over and serve.

We are apt to Fly to Stimulants in all cases of sudden illness, and by so doing ignorantly often increase the evil. It is well, therefore, for everybody to realise that stimulants, especially brandy, should never be given in any form of bleeding, for the spirit will only make the heart beat faster and cause more blood to flow from the wound. In case of blood from the lungs stimulant should never be given without doctor's orders, though the patient appears to be faint and in sore need of it.

Helston Pudding. I am often asked by mothers for an easy pudding to prepare the day before it is wanted. Here is one that everybody will like, and if required plain double the quantity of flour and breadcrumbs can be added: Take two tablespoonsful each of raisins, currants, sugar, breadcrumbs, ground rice, and flour, three tablespoonsful of finely chopped suet, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, one piece of candied-peel, and a pinch of salt. Moisten with milk in which half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Boil in a buttered mould or basin for two hours.

The Gelatine Copying Pad which you are anxious to make for yourself should be prepared as follows: Soak two parts of good Scotch glue in two parts of water and then melt by heat, stirring till all is dissolved, then add five drops of carbolic acid, and enough whiting to make the whole opaque. Have a shallow zinc dish ready, pour the mixture in, and after standing all night it will be ready for use. Sponge the surface with cold water, each time before using and to clean off the ink use a sponge dipped into a very weak solution of hydrochloric acid, and afterwards place under a running tap. Any chemist will supply the right solution of the acid for a very few pence. (Reply to H. V. T.)

Creamed Lobster is Excellent, especially as a supper dish. Take a pound of tinned lobster, a pint of milk, two tablespoonsful of butter, the same of flour and vinegar, the juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt, and some breadcrumbs. Cut the lobster into small pieces, melt the butter, and stir in the flour very smoothly. Next add the pepper, salt, lemon-juice and vinegar. When well blended, put in the milk, already heated, and constantly stir whilst cooking for five minutes, then add the lobster and cook another five minutes. Distribute the mixture into some buttered scallop shells or place in a shallow dish, scatter breadcrumbs over with a little butter, and brown nicely in the oven.

When Baking Bread it is wrong to place the loaves in a very hot oven, for the great heat suddenly striking the surface of the dough, kills the yeast influence and makes the bread heavy. The oven for bread should only be slightly heated, and gradually allowed to get hotter. Bread baked in this way is sure to be very light and will rise to an astonishing degree.

Prepare Cardboard for Oil Painting by brushing over the cardboard with hot size, and when dry paint on a coat of white lead. A pennyworth of white lead, procured at an oil shop, will probably be sufficient. This should be placed in a jar, with enough oil and turpentine, in equal parts, to make it up to the consistency of thick cream. Apply the mixture very smoothly. (Reply to STUDIO BOY.)

Tea Buns. Take a pound of flour and mix with a little salt and half an ounce of baking-powder. Rub into it a quarter of a pound of lard or clarified dripping, and the same quantity of sultanas or currants. Mix the ingredients together and make into a light dough, using one egg well beaten with half a pint of milk. Place in bun tins and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Sift a little sugar over the buns before baking them. (Reply to ELOURA.)

A very Pleasant Perfume, which is also a moth, may be made of the following ingredients: Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans each one ounce, then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder and put it in little bags among your clothes. This will retain its freshness for a long time and will daintily perfume the clothes. (Reply to T. J. S.)

Two Breakfast Dishes. **Eggs Poached in Gravy.**—Have some well-flavoured, thick, brown gravy, make it very hot. Poach as many eggs as are required, drain quite free of water, set on pieces of toast arranged on a dish, and pour the gravy round. **Ham and Rice.**—Fry in a little butter an onion chopped finely, a quarter of an ounce of well-boiled rice, three ounces of minced ham, cayenne pepper, and salt. Stir till all is heated through, scatter a little curry powder over, and serve immediately.

How to Wash Coloured Print Articles without Soap is a question lately asked of me. This applies to all kinds of satens, coloured calicoes, etc. I presume, and for them the following recipe will prove useful. Boil a dozen potatoes in five quarts of water. Strain off the water through a cloth or sieve, and when it is the heat of new milk, wash the material without soap. The starch left by the potatoes in the water will cleanse thoroughly and in many cases will stiffen sufficiently without the addition of more starch, even after passing through rinsing water. The coloured starches now sold by all good grocers will be useful where shirts are made with stiff fronts, etc., in bright colours. (Reply to MONA.)

This Devonshire Cheese-cake Recipe is sent by a correspondent who wishes to make it public: Grate the outer rind off carrots till you have a teacupful, add to it an equal quantity of breadcrumbs. Have a pint of nearly boiling milk, pour it over the carrot and breadcrumbs, cover it with a plate, and stand till cold. Then add to the mixture four ounces of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and a small salt-spoonful of mixed-spice, two ounces of chopped raisins, and two well-beaten eggs. Line a pie-dish with short crust, beat the mixture for five minutes, pour into the pie-dish, and bake in a steady oven till the pastry is done and the filling set. This dish may be served hot or cold, and is equally good either way.

Babies may be Short-coated at Three Months now that the weather is warm, but in cold seasons it is always advisable to keep them in long-clothes for a lengthened period, unless the temperature be exceptionally mild. Nothing is prettier for the wee mites than a plain dress with short puff sleeves and a tucked skirt, the bodice being trimmed with embroidery on either side of the centre front. Such a frock has been designed and published in Dress-making at Home, but in case you have overlooked it, I have made a sketch for you in the margin of this paragraph. The pattern (No. 1567, post-free 6d.) is to be had from this office, to fit a child of one to two years, but it can easily be cut without turnings for a younger baby. Remember, however, that room must be allowed for growth. The frock is high to the neck, where it is fitted with a draw-string. Some mothers consider the addition of embroidery below the tucks of the skirt an improvement.



Cream Caramels. Boil together one pound of sugar, one gill of cream, one ounce of honey, a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut, and half a gill of hot water. Cook this mixture till, when a little is dropped into cold water, it cracks, then flavour it with any essence desired, and pour on to a buttered dish to cool. Just before the caramel really sets, cut it across into little squares. (Reply to INQUIRER.)

Will this Waterproofed Calico Suit your Purpose? Take three pints of linseed oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and four ounces of resin. Grind the sugar of lead with a small quantity of the resin, and then mix it well with the remainder. Gently warm the resin and oil to make them blend thoroughly. Lay the composition on the calico with a stiff brush, taking care to apply it evenly over the whole surface. (Reply to J. F. H.)

Rissoles of Beef Kidney. Take one pound of kidney (after removing all the fat), and cut it into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Flour the kidney, season it with pepper and salt, and fry until well browned on both sides. Have a teacupful of good, thick gravy, colour it lightly, and season with a little chopped lemon-peel, and Worcester sauce. Chop the kidney small, mix it with the gravy, and add chopped parsley and shallot to taste. Place the mixture on a dish and smooth it flat with a knife. When cold and perfectly set, form the rissoles into outlet-shaped pieces, brush over with beaten egg, dip into breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat. Drain very dry and serve on a mound of mashed potatoes.

Skeleton Leaves may be successfully prepared as follows: Plunge the leaves required into a deep tub of rain water, which must be left in the open and exposed to the sun's rays. As the water evaporates add more. The leaves, in this way, will purify, and they must remain until their outer skins will come off and the green part becomes pulpy. Then the operation of cleaning must be begun. Put the leaf upon a white plate, and cover carefully with water. Begin by gently squeezing with the finger. The membranes will open, and a green fluid will exude. Carefully remove all matter near the middle rib with a camel-hair brush. If any part of the skin remains firmly fixed, do not force it but return it to the tub to soak a little longer. The amateur must remember that all through this process patience and care are the only requisites to insure success. Having made the skeleton perfectly clean, either put it into a book or bleach it with chloride of lime. I should add that the skeleton ought to be washed in clean water after clearing. (Reply to F. O. WILCOX.)

The Question of what Stains and Polish to Use for Floors is now exercising the minds of many of my readers, who are contemplating the usual spring cleaning, and with it the annual renovating of floors, etc. My experience is that the cheapest and most durable stain is permanganate of potash. Pour a quart of boiling water on to half an ounce of permanganate of potash crystals. Apply this hot to the boards, it will look red at first, but soon becomes a good brown. See that the boards are perfectly clean and dry, then with a large painter's brush apply the stain. When this is dry give a second coating if necessary. Wash the brush in soft soap and soda, using plenty of warm water, dry it and then give the boards a coat of linseed oil, mixed with a good drying medium. When the oil has dried in, begin polishing with the usual beeswax and turpentine. Two or three rubbings with this will be necessary before a good surface is obtained. There are many excellent stains and varnishes sold for floors, but I fear my readers will find they are beyond the reach of those who have to consider every shilling spent.

Isobel

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